

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## HEARING WITH THE TEETH.

### A SATISFACTORY TEST OF THE AUDIPHONE.

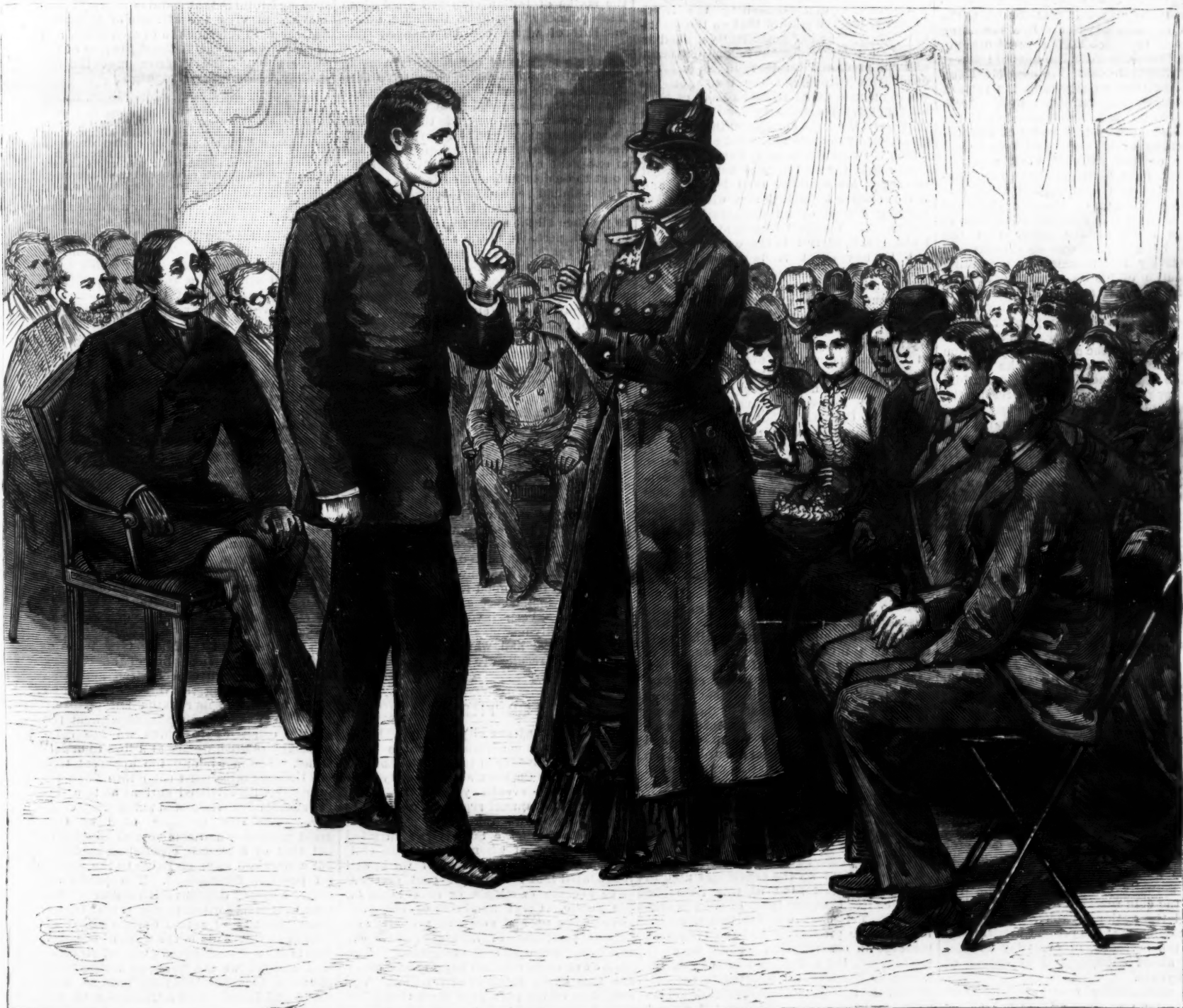
MR. RICHARD G. RHODES of Chicago, the inventor of the audiphone, designed to enable the deaf to hear by means of the teeth, gave a very interesting exhibition of the new instrument at No. 41 East Twenty-second Street, in this city, November 21st, in the presence of Mr. Peter Cooper and the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet; the Rev. Robert Collyer; Prof. Jenkins, of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, who was accompanied by a class of mutes; Mr. Henry Bergh, and many others. After explaining the origin of the invention, Mr. Rhodes described it as consisting essentially of a diaphragm of hard rubber, somewhat similar to the diaphragm of the telephone, and of somewhat peculiar composition. This diaphragm is very thin and elastic, and cut in the form of a square, with rounded corners, so as to present a collecting surface of not far from one square foot. For purposes of convenient adjustment it is furnished with a neat, hard rubber handle, and in this form might readily



THE CLASS HEARING, WITH THEIR TEETH, A VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

be mistaken for a fan of the ordinary Japanese pattern. When in use the edges of the diaphragm are made to approximate towards each other by a silken cord, so as to present a convex surface to the speaker and a concave one to the listener. The cord may be fastened at any convenient convexity of the surface of the auditory disk. When thus adjusted, the upper edge is pressed firmly against the interior edge of the upper teeth, and the deaf-mute is ready to listen. The experiments on the class of deaf-mutes present were conducted by Mr. Rhodes in person. The most satisfactory results obtained were those in which the congenitally deaf members of the class were the subjects of experiment, deafness from disease frequently involving loss of sensibility in the auditory nerve, rather than injury to the bony or membranous structure concerned in hearing, and thus extinguishing the necessary basis of sensation. A young man who had been deaf from infancy heard words spoken in the tone of ordinary conversation. His delight at the recovery of a lost sense affected every spectator.

(Continued on page 258.)



A YOUNG LADY HEARING CONVERSATION FOR THE FIRST TIME.

NEW YORK CITY.—EXPERIMENTS WITH THE AUDIPHONE, ON A CLASS OF DEAF-MUTES, AT NO. 41 EAST TWENTY-SECOND STREET, NOVEMBER 21st.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
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### CAUTION.

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*The present number gives an interview with Mr. Frederick Douglass, United States Marshal for the District of Columbia. The utterances of Mr. Douglass upon the exodus, as well as upon the condition of the negroes in the South, will be read with considerable interest, not only from the fact that Mr. Douglass is himself of the colored race, but from his having been a slave. Mr. Douglass touches upon many topics of importance in this interview.*

### THE CURRENCY REPORT.

WE always look to the annual reports of the Hon. John Jay Knox, the Comptroller of the Currency, with the assurance that we shall find in them lucid statements of fact, accompanied with valuable suggestions for the future guidance of our legislators and of the banking institutions over whose management he is called by his office to exercise a vigilant inspection. In his report of the previous year he made a vigorous defense of the national bank system against some of the attacks waged upon it from the political hustings and by the public press, and in his report of the present year he is able to cite, in further defense of that system, the effective part it has played in contributing to the success of Secretary Sherman's refunding operations, by which such a great diminution has been effected in the annual interest paid on the public debt. Indeed, Mr. Knox does not hesitate to say—and the remark is abundantly substantiated by the facts and figures which he adduces—that if the national banking system had not existed, and if United States notes had been issued in place of the national bank notes, it would not have been possible to consummate the brilliant achievement which has shed so much honor on the financial skill of Mr. Sherman. It does not at all detract from the merit of the latter that the national bank system was so directly and so effectively instrumental in promoting the execution of his funding transactions.

But, as becomes a wise financier, it is rather with the present and future than with the past that the Comptroller mainly concerns himself in the doctrinal part of his report. Since the advent of resumption the old forms of tables, giving the amount and kinds of currency in actual circulation, are no longer adequate to represent the current volume of money at any given date; for the sum total must vary from time to time according to the amount of coin in the country, and this amount is, besides, a variable quantity which must be determined by calculation rather than by exact statements. The amount of coin in the country is estimated by the Director of the Mint to have been \$427,000,000 on the first day of November in this year, and of this amount \$121,000,000 was in silver coin. Assuming the correctness of this estimate, and it cannot be far from the truth, Mr. Knox reports that the circulating medium of the United States on the date indicated was as follows:

Treasury notes outstanding.....	\$346,681,016
National bank notes outstanding.....	337,181,418
Gold in the Treasury, less certificates held by the banks.....	157,960,193
Silver in the Treasury.....	50,078,621
Coin in the banks (Oct. 2d).....	42,173,741
Estimated amount of coin held by the people.....	231,478,515
Total.....	\$1,165,553,504

On comparing this volume of the currency with the highest point that was reached between the suspension and the re-umption of specie payments in the United States, Mr. Knox finds that it is \$380,000,000 in excess of that highest point. And after due allowances made for the amount of hoarded coin which is available as currency, but which has not, as yet, actually entered into circulation, and for the coin reserves held by the Treasury and the national banks, he comes to the conclusion that the present actual inflation of the currency, in everyday circulation, is about \$120,000,000 in excess of previous years.

It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Knox argues, that an unusually large volume of currency has been required by the business

operations of the country during the past year. Our harvests, as he says, have been unprecedentedly large; the price of all agricultural products has been enhanced by the foreign demand resulting from the failure of crops in Europe; and there has been a consequent rise in the price of wages and of all exchangeable commodities. But these considerations only serve to show how it is that the country has thus far escaped some of the evils resulting from an undue expansion of the currency. While they explain the grounds of our security in the past year, they afford no security for the years that are to come, but, by their exceptional character, would seem to teach the lessons of an indispensable prudence to our banking institutions, to our business men, and to our legislators in Congress.

As Mr. Knox is called by his functions as Comptroller to consult primarily for the soundness of the national banks, and through them to consult for the welfare of the people, he does not perform his duty to each when he "urgently recommends" that all the national banks shall take advantage of the present influx of gold to accumulate in their vaults an amount equal to the total cash reserve required by law. The grounds of this recommendation, and the advantages expected to result from its adoption, are explained by Mr. Knox as follows:

"If this coin, which is still flowing into the Treasury, shall also be largely accumulated by the banks, it will be more likely to become diffused among the people. The addition of coin to the circulation should have the effect to reduce the amount of paper money, if in excess of the wants of business, and send homeward for redemption the legal-tender and the national bank notes. If the legal-tender notes accumulate in the Treasury, they cannot again be issued, except upon requisitions of the Government; and the accumulation of such notes has a tendency to induce extravagant appropriations and expenditures by Congress. The law, as it now stands, requires that the Secretary shall keep in circulation the legal-tender notes, which is not practicable, and their accumulation by him will lead to constant agitation of the subject in Congress and among the people, which discussions will encourage speculation, and disturb the current of legitimate business. With the influx of specie it is important that such a paper currency shall be in circulation as can be easily retired, if in excess."

At the date of this present writing we are not apprised of the views which Mr. Secretary Sherman will announce in his annual report with regard to the expediency of withdrawing and cancelling the legal-tender notes. We know that on the political "stump" he has persistently argued in favor of their retention in our currency, and has predicted for them in the future a circulation throughout the marts of the world on an equality with the Bank of England notes. We have seen an intimation that since the light shed upon the financial situation by the late autumnal elections, in which the Greenback party has been driven to the wall, the Secretary is not indisposed to change his opinions on this point, and will hereafter keep lock-step with the advancing course of an enlightened public sentiment. We shall soon know how much truth, if any, there is in these ratifications, but in any event it is satisfactory to know that the Comptroller of the Currency, though speaking with all the delicacy and reserve due from a subordinate in the Treasury to its official head, has not left either Congress or the country in any doubt with regard to his views of financial policy and of public expediency in the premises. When he says that the accumulation of greenbacks in the Treasury is a lure to extravagant appropriations by Congress, that their periodical reissue leads to a constant agitation of the subject in Congress and among the people, and that this agitation tends to disturb legitimate business while promoting speculation; and, finally, when he says that the country requires an elastic currency which easily admits of withdrawing so much of the circulating medium as may be at any time in excess of the actual wants of trade, he does but formulate the patent objections which lie against the longer toleration of a currency that is at once seductive to public virtue, injurious to lawful business and rigid in its volume. That a kind of money subject to such perils should have been invented by the financiers of 1862, when they supposed themselves unable to find or to create a better currency, is, at least, intelligible, but that such a currency should be retained at the present day, when it is required for no useful purpose, and is only productive of evil, and that continually, can be explained only on the grounds of that infatuation which is said sometimes to overtake men in masses as well as individuals.

### MAKING OUR OWN SUGAR.

THIRTY years ago Louisiana produced one-half of all the cane-sugar used in the United States, but at this time she supplies less than one-tenth of what is consumed. This change is due to a decrease in the home production and the enormous increase in consumption. There is, as is well-known, but a limited area of country in the Southern States adapted to the culture of the true or tropical species of sugarcane, and, although this has not as yet all been utilized, still, it has long been

apparent that no possible increase of production in these regions could keep pace with the rapid increase in consumption. This being admitted, both the Government and individuals have been looking about for other sources of supply, that might in part, at least, relieve us from the necessity of purchasing millions of pounds annually of foreign countries, thus sending money abroad that might perhaps be kept at home.

The introduction of the Chinese sugarcane some twenty five years ago was pregnant with great promise, for it was a plant closely allied to the broom-corn and other species of sorghum that were known to be adapted to cool climates and likely to thrive in all of our Middle States and most of the Northern, but the valuable properties claimed for this new cane were not realized to the extent expected, and the interest in it gradually waned. Attempts to make sugar from sorghum were indeed not wanting, but they were not, upon the whole, sufficiently successful to warrant the extended cultivation of this plant, and for the past fifteen or twenty years it has been little talked about except as a cheap and convenient source of obtaining syrup for home consumption by the farmers growing it. During this time, however, new varieties have been raised, among them, one, called the "amber cane," that promises to be a great acquisition, and, in fact, has already revived the waning interest in sorghum culture, bringing once more prominently before the public a sugar-producing plant of the highest order. Whether this recent and quite widespread interest in sorghum sugar is due to the new varieties, or the discoveries in methods of treating the syrup and obtaining a good quality of sugar therefrom, is a question not definitely settled. Still, the results are apparent on every hand, and it is proved that good sugar can be obtained from the newer sorts and in much larger quantities than was ever extracted from the old ones. Besides, some of them are so early that they will mature even in the State of Minnesota, practically making the production of sugar possible wherever Indian corn will grow. In fact, it has been found by some of the recently discovered processes that the stalks of Indian corn will yield about 2,000 pounds of syrup to the acre, nearly one-half of which can be changed into sugar.

Quite a number of our sugar-refiners in both Eastern and Western cities have been experimenting with sorghum sugar during the present season, and from their favorable reports we may conclude that there can be no longer any doubt in regard to its production in almost unlimited quantities and of excellent quality. The only remaining point to be definitely settled is that of cost. If this should be satisfactory, we may conclude that the country is now in a fair way to produce all the sugar required for home use, and, perhaps, in the near future, have some to spare. The sorghums are so closely allied to Indian corn—requiring similar soils and cultivation—that our farmers were inclined to take hold of them from the start, and recent developments have made many of them more than anxious to extend their plantations.

The sugar beet, from which the larger part of all the sugar used in France and some other countries is obtained, has received but little favor in this country, as its cultivation is far more expensive than the sorghums, calling for a much greater expenditure of labor. Furthermore, in our dry climate, all kinds of root crops are far less successful than in the more moist one of Northern Europe. Attempts have, however, been made to utilize the beet-root for sugar-making in several of our States—principally in Maine, Illinois and California—but with indifferent success; and this interest may be considered as yet in a kind of embryonic state, no one knowing whether there is any really good foundation for even a hope of final success. Large sums of money have been invested and lost in erecting costly manufactories for producing beet-root sugar, and, while they may finally succeed, the results are uncertain.

### CARING FOR THE CHILDREN.

IF there is any one city charity which is exceptionally conspicuous for the beneficence and grandeur of the results achieved by it, it is the Children's Aid Society, now in the twenty-seventh year of its active history. The annual report, just given to the public, shows that during the last twenty-six years the Society has supplied 55,717 persons, of whom 45,000 were children, with homes and places of work, and it is stated that not five per cent. of these have become criminals or chargeable on the public. Great numbers of the boys have grown up and now own property and occupy positions of influence; some are scholars, lawyers and clergymen. The girls have often married happily and many are now happy mothers of families. The statistics of the past year show that 3,713 persons were sent to homes, of whom 1,920 were boys, 1,380 girls, 210 men and 203

women, at an average cost of \$8.04 each. In the lodging houses, during twenty-six years, some 200,000 different boys and girls have been sheltered and partly fed and instructed. In the industrial schools probably over 50,000 poor little girls have been taught; and of these, it is not known that even a score have entered on criminal courses of life, or have become drunkards or beggars, though four-fifths were children of drunkards.

The Society claims that the police statistics of crime demonstrate very conclusively the great usefulness of its work. "During a portion of the period through which these figures run, the population of the city increased from 814,224 in 1860 to 1,083,371 in 1878, while, as usual, great numbers of poor people remained here, left by the foreign immigration; yet the commitments of female vagrants have within those years been reduced over one-half; the commitments of young girls for petit larceny over one-half; the commitments of boys for petit larceny have been materially reduced, and criminal offenses by boys held decidedly in check."

The total receipts of the Society since 1853 amount to \$2,748,001. A work which touches so vitally the welfare of the whole community, and embodies so much of actual beneficence to thousands of lives that but for its intervention might be in perpetual eclipse, may surely challenge the heartiest sympathy and the substantial support of all right-minded citizens.

### THE SILVER IDIOCY.

THE annual report of the Director of the Mint sets forth the interesting fact that at the close of the fiscal year, June 30th, 1879, the metallic money of the country amounted to \$398,541,683, of which sum \$112,050,985 was composed of silver. In six years, that is to say, from June 30th, 1873, the gain in gold has been \$151,490,698, and in silver \$107,050,985. According to the same authority, the total of coin owned in the country on the 1st of November, 1879, amounted to \$427,206,852, an increase of \$28,665,169 in four months. Of this increase \$9,405,370 was in silver, making a total in that metal of \$121,456,355. Having in view the attitude of European nations with reference to bi-metalism, and apparently deprecating the expansion of the silver volume, the Director uses the following precautionary language:

"Should the \$600,000,000 of silver coins now permitted to circulate as full legal-tender in Europe be demonetized, consequences will follow more disastrous to the stability of silver and all monetary values than have attended its partial exclusion from European circulation, and its immediate further depreciation would pour the whole supply upon nations willing to receive and use it as money. The United States could not, single-handed among commercial nations, with no European co-operation or allies, sustain the value of silver from the inevitable fall."

Notwithstanding the fact that our chief commercial relations are had with countries devoted to mono-metalism, or which have relegated silver to a subsidiary position; and also the other fact that European nations have thus far declined American overtures for an international agreement in regard to the coinage of silver, our Government, by direction of Congress goes on with the foolish work of coining silver dollars of base weight, all of which the superior law of commerce rejects. That the country stands committed against this coinage of silver is clearly shown by the completed report of Treasurer Gillfillan, which covers the transactions of his department for the past fiscal year. In that report he shows that the total coinage of standard silver dollars, under the Act of February 28th, 1878, amounts to \$45,206,200, of which only \$13,002,842, or less than 29 per cent., is in circulation. The remaining \$32,203,358 are piled up in the mints and Treasury offices, while the farce of increasing this useless coinage goes on at the rate of more than \$2,000,000 per month, to the great detriment and disgust of people awaiting the coinage of gold.

The Director of the Mint states it as an opinion that the true policy of this country is to pursue such conservative action as will tend to bring the values of gold and silver to their former status, but precisely how this is to be accomplished without the aid of countries to which we are commercially related, we are at a loss to understand. The fact is only too apparent that the United States must come into financial harmony with civilized nations as to a single standard of value and subsidiary coinage. The one pressing need of this great producing and commercial country is not that of a strictly circulating medium, but a standard of value liable to the smallest possible fluctuations. The public requires a steady denomination dollar where-with to measure other values, rather than a great quantity of actual dollars either of gold or silver. This is the want of the age. We stand on the advanced plane of civilization, and yet we use financial methods all unknown to semi-barbarous nations like China and India. The introduction of the deposit system and the clearing-house has had much to do with changing the aspect of



the question. The mass of all business is being conducted on credits, and the turning over of \$300,000,000 in money means the transaction and settlement of trade values to the extent of \$6,000,000,000, and each time the same \$300,000,000 are turned over it simply settles the balance on \$6,000,000,000 involved in exchanging domestic and imported productions or other property. In consequence of this state of affairs the standard of value becomes of more importance than ever. Actual metal dollars we must have in order to get and keep the all-important denomination dollar, that being the measurer of all credits, commodities and services, but the actual metal dollars are no longer used to anything like the former extent. These several facts constitute an important element in considering the silver question, and yet, as a rule, they have been willfully or ignorantly ignored.

The advocates of bi-metallism argue in favor of silver as though they believed that the business of the world was still done in gold and silver dollars. The civilized world, with its perfected financial system, does no such thing. Its business is now substantially done through the medium of bills of exchange, drafts, checks, bank bills and other forms of credit. More and more these appliances of commerce and trade are taking the place of coined money. At home, as abroad, the principle of the clearing-house is extending, and more and more are debts liquidated by offset, and less and less by direct payments in coin. Last year—1878—the aggregate business of twenty-one clearing-houses in the United States reached a sum total of more than \$32,323,000,000, and yet not more than five per cent. of money was used in adjusting the offsets or balances found due. Credits, of course, can never wholly usurp the place of coined money. If that were possible there would remain no denominations for the measurement of values, but it is quite plain that the more the credit system extends its operations the more it does away with the need of and use of actual money.

Under the changed methods of conducting trade, and able to command all the gold called for by commercial wants, why should the United States attempt to preserve a double standard, or go on coining silver dollars for which there is no demand? The country no more needs two standards of value than it needs two Constitutions or two Presidents. According to Professor Perry, of Williams College, silver, as compared with agricultural labor in England, has declined in 600 years to one-tenth of its former purchasing power; that is, it has lost in that period 90 per cent. of its purchasing power. Gold has suffered no such decline, and this experience, as well as all other, proves it to be the better and more reliable standard of value. Let us have done with the foolish idea of a double standard, and put an end to the idiotic coinage of silver dollars for the mere purpose of storing them away in the vaults of the Treasury Department.

#### EVENTS ABROAD.

THE situation in Ireland is undoubtedly critical. In the counties of Mayo and Sligo great popular demonstrations were held last week, and bodies of troops were held under arms in apprehension of probable outbreaks. The populace, however, while intensely indignant at the recent action of the Government, have, for the most part, kept within the law, and no serious acts of violence have so far been reported. But there was a very turbulent scene in the Sligo court on Friday, November 28th, when, after refusing to give bail, and making a passive resistance to arrest, Mr. Killen was committed for trial. The announcement of his counsel that he desired to call as witnesses the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, the Crown Solicitor and Mr. Dwyer Gray, M. P., evidently provoked the magistrates, who were willing to accept bail, and they cut the examination short. Mr. Daly, who, with Messrs. Davitt and Killen, had been arrested for alleged sedition, it is said, will be presented as the County of Mayo's next representative in Parliament. It is said that Lord Beaconsfield has expressed a purpose to undertake certain Government works in Ireland with a view of furnishing employment to the necessitous, and that the Government contemplates sending large quantities of coal to the parts nearest to the distressed district, to be distributed by Poor Law officers and relief committees at cost price. Mr. Parnell continues to be the hero of the hour, and has an opportunity to serve his people, which it is to be hoped he may employ wisely.

Prince Gortschakoff is succeeded in the direction of the foreign relations of Russia by Prince Walujeff, who is understood to favor a pacific policy, especially as to Germany. Walujeff has filled with great ability the position of Minister of the Interior, and more recently has been known as Minister of Domains. He is one of the most distinguished representatives of the Russian

aristocracy, and it is believed that he will direct with exceptional wisdom the foreign affairs of the empire, though his policy will not be in accord with the democratic spirit now so rigorously asserting itself. An important meeting of Russian diplomats was held at St. Petersburg, December 2d, and it is hinted that Gortschakoff has expressed decided opposition to the promotion of Walujeff, whom he regards as too strongly disposed to conciliate the Western Powers.

Mr. Gladstone opened his canvass at Edinburgh last week, being most cordially received. He sharply criticised the policy of the Government, and declared himself in favor of giving home rule in Ireland as to all purely local matters.

The French Chamber of Deputies was formally opened in Paris, November 27th. The event seems to have attracted little attention. M. Gambetta, in opening the session, congratulated the House on its return to Paris, the legitimate capital of France, and urged the Chamber to abstain from all useless and passionate discussions, and concentrate its efforts on securing the grandeur of the country and consolidating the Republic. There are still indications that the present Ministers are not likely to continue much longer in power.

There is a report that the Russian army in Central Asia will be reinforced by four regiments, and that a new route of advance is being prepared. There is probably some ground for this statement. Russia does not mean to let go her hold upon the points already secured in Asia, nor will she abandon her campaign against Merv so long as there is a possibility of success in that direction.

The financial distress in Constantinople is becoming very serious. It is said that the purveyors to the Sultan's palace, owing to the non-payment of long-standing bills, have suspended the daily supplies, and there are other equally significant indications that the credit and resources of the Government have reached the lowest possible point. It is now said that the Ministry proposes to do their utmost to arrive at a direct understanding with Greece, and avoid an appeal to the Powers.

The obsequies of the Countess Montijo, mother of the ex-Empress Eugénie, which occurred in Madrid, November 24th, were marked by great pomp. The hearse was followed by six hundred carriages filled with mourners, including statesmen, ambassadors, courtiers and distinguished people of every sort. Eugénie is said to be prostrated with grief at the loss of her mother, who was the centre of the very highest society at the Spanish capital.

Another of the London sensational journals, the *Figaro*, has fallen under the ban of the courts for publishing articles declared to be libelous of a society lady. The proprietor was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$500.

The new Italian Cabinet, of which Signor Cairoli is President, represents the best phase of Italian liberalism.

The Turkish police force, which is to act as a reserve in case of war, has been fixed at 60,000 men.—There is still a possibility that the British will be compelled to reconquer the Transvaal by force, the Boers still showing a hostile attitude.—The northwestern provinces of India are suffering from a severe epidemic of malarious fever, which has increased the death rate to an enormous extent and temporarily disabled a large proportion of the agricultural population.—The negotiations between Austria and Germany for the conclusion of a new commercial treaty have been suspended.—Direct telegraphic communication has been established between London and Cabul. The weather in Afghanistan is intensely cold.—Count Schouvaloff, who has presented his letter of recall as Russian Ambassador, to Queen Victoria, will spend the Winter at Cannes.—Eleven hundred soldiers, on two frigates, left Spain for Cuba on the last day of November. The insurrection is regarded as practically over.—M. de Lesseps will be preceded on his visit to Panama by a brigade of pioneers and surveyors who have already sailed for that point "to prepare for cutting the canal." De Lesseps will sail for Panama, December 6th, and after his exploration there will visit New York.

Among the Bills on the House calendar which will early engage the attention of Congress, is one to prohibit Federal officers, claimants and contractors from making contributions for political purposes, and another to prevent the cases from State to Federal Courts. On the Senate calendar are Bills prohibiting military interference at elections, and providing for a treaty of reciprocity and commerce with the Republic of France.

The reports of United States consular officers on the rate of wages paid to, and the cost of living of, the working classes of Europe, have attracted great attention abroad. Indeed, so high is the estimate placed upon them that the British Foreign Office has distributed them to the chief Chambers of Commerce in England, and has recently asked for additional copies.

The *Edinburgh Scotsman* says, with great directness: "The Foreign Office would render greater service if, through its own consuls, it would collect the information for itself, instead of having to beg it from the American Government."

It is probable that Dakota will be the next applicant for admission into the Union as a State. The influx of population into this Territory during the last year and a half has been very large, and it is believed that before the close of 1880 the number of inhabitants will reach 160,000. It is not unlikely that the Territorial Assembly will, at the coming session, memorialize Congress for an Act enabling the people of Dakota to adopt a Constitution and secure formal admission as a State into the Union.

THE arrest of the agitator, Denis Kearney, in San Francisco, some days ago, for disturbing a public meeting, may be accepted as indicating the speedy collapse of the "sand lot" régime. The dispatches state that on his way to the lock-up, Kearney was "hooted and jeered," and that none of his followers manifested the slightest interest in his fate. It is to the credit of the Pacific metropolis that it has, at length, made up its mind to deal with this pestiferous demagogue as he deserves; but it is unfortunate that he has been so long tolerated, that the virus of his teachings has found a lodgment in the fundamental law of the State.

At the recent meeting of the American Health Association, at Nashville, the subject of quarantine as a means of preventing yellow fever was discussed at length and with a good deal of earnestness. It was quite generally held that the present quarantine regulations are defective, and that a national quarantine should be provided for, under which all railroad trains should be stopped, at least, twenty miles from an infected city. Subsequently at a meeting of railroad managers of the southwest resolutions were adopted for a committee to lay before the several State Legislatures the practical defects of the present system of local quarantines, to the end that a more effective system may be enforced by appropriate legislation, and asking from Congress that the appropriation for the enforcement of State quarantines be expended under approval of the National Board of Health.

THE statement is renewed that General Grant is anxious to find some remunerative employment consistent with the dignity of his position, and that he is likely to be offered the presidency of a company for the construction of the Nicaragua Canal. French bankers are said to have authorized Senor de Franco, the Nicaraguan Minister to Italy, who is now in this country, to pledge them for \$30,000,000 subscriptions to the project, on condition that General Grant should become president of the company, and the belief is expressed that, should he accept that position, the entire capital needed could be raised in France and in this country within a few months. It is expected that definite proposals will be made to General Grant after his arrival in Philadelphia late in December, but he may postpone his decision until his return in April from the Mexican and West Indian journey, which will occupy his time during the Winter. It is possible that he will go to Nicaragua on that trip and satisfy himself by personal inspection of the feasibility of constructing the canal. There are several Republican aspirants to the Presidency who would, no doubt, be rejoiced to see General Grant anchored for life in some position which would remove him altogether from the political arena.

SOME time ago we referred to the fact that the question whether the running of Sunday trains for the accommodation of persons desiring to attend a certain camp-meeting was a violation of the State law, which prohibits all work, unless it be work of "necessity," on Sunday, had been carried into court in Baltimore, and would be decided, by common consent, as a test case. The decision has at length been given in the City Court, and it sustains fully the right of the railroad company to run trains to and from the city on the Sabbath in the transaction of its ordinary business. "Railroad companies are bound to run a sufficient number of trains to carry passengers who wish ordinarily to travel on their lines." As to the immediate case in hand, the decision is as follows:

"Our Sunday law was not intended to regulate or to abridge the right of the exercise of religion, or to protect it. In my opinion, under the law a citizen has a right to go to and return from places of religious worship on the Lord's Day, and to choose his own mode of conveyance. If, as has been argued, as many as please may hire vehicles or use their own carriages to go out of the city to a religious meeting, why may not others, who are poor or unwilling to adopt such means, make use of a railway car for the purpose? I cannot see the distinction, and must, therefore, conclude that the engineer was engaged in a lawful occupation on that day."

THE Co-operative Colony Aid Association, of this city, which is organized upon a basis frequently suggested in these columns, is about to establish its first colony, having chosen for the purpose a site in the Cumberland Plateau of East Tennessee, which, on account of the healthiness of the climate, the cheapness of lands and their adaptation to Northern methods of farming, offers exceptional attractions. The association will at once purchase a suitable tract, and early in the Spring proposes to send on a pioneer force to prepare the way for the main body of colonists. With a view of encouraging the colonists to self-reliance, the association will buy the land and furnish capital for buildings, stock and implements, but will

only deed the property to the occupants in distinct tracts as they shall be able to repay its advances with a nominal rate of interest. Experiments in co-operative farming will be encouraged, and there will be a reservation for pasturage and fuel which will be the common property of the colony. A village will be established in the centre of the domain, with a co-operative store, school and machine-shop. We cannot doubt that this initial experiment, if wisely directed, will be crowned with success, and such a result can scarcely fail to have an important influence upon the solution of the problem as to the disposition of the surplus and unemployed population of our cities.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

It is said that General Butler will run for Congress next year in one of the Boston districts.

GREAT preparations are making in Philadelphia for the reception of General Grant on his visit December, 16th 22nd.

THE secretary of the Louisiana State Lottery Company has applied for an injunction against Postmaster-General Key.

ONE hundred and three proposals, averaging \$13,000, have been received for the forty new seats in the New York Stock Exchange.

THE Legislative Committee charged with the investigation of the management of railroads in this State resumed its sittings last week.

THE Committee of the New York Senate who investigated the charges against the management of the State Asylums for the Insane have reported that they were baseless.

GRAHAM, the confederate of Benjamin Hunter, who was hanged for the murder of Armstrong to secure the insurance on his life, has been sentenced to imprisonment for twenty years at Newton, N. J.

A RECEPTION was tendered to the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, at the Academy of Music, New York, on November 25th, when a vase, commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his advancement to the episcopacy, was presented him.

THE Board of Aldermen has passed a resolution to exempt certain Roman Catholic orphan asylums in this city from payment of Croton water rents and taxes. The propriety of the proceeding is very justly called in question by a good many taxpayers.

THE Propaganda has approved the proposal of Cardinal McCloskey for the establishment of three bishoprics in America, under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of New York. The Propaganda will ask Cardinal McCloskey as to the most suitable location the sees.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT has sold a block of 250,000 shares of New York Central Railroad stock to a syndicate composed of representatives of the Wabash and Union Pacific Railroad systems and prominent foreign and home bankers. At the price agreed upon, the sale amounted to \$30,000,000.

THE grand jury which recently adjourned at Salt Lake City was specially instructed to uphold the law against polygamy. The District Attorney and Deputy Marshals have been hard at work for two months getting evidence, which resulted in four indictments for polygamy. The grand jury, in their report, say they found the witnesses very refractory, especially the younger ones.

THE excess of the imports of gold and silver over the exports from July 1st to October 31st, 1879, amounted to \$51,853,679. The excess of the imports of gold and silver over the exports at the port of New York from November 1st to November 22d, 1879, amounted to \$12,865,354, indicating that the total excess of imports into the country over the exports thereof from July 1st to November 22d amounted to about \$65,000,000.

THE report of the Comptroller of the Currency shows that there are 2,050 national banks in operation, with a capital of \$455,244,415, and a surplus of \$114,000,000. The average capital of all other banking concerns is less than half that of the national banks. The aggregate capital and deposits of all banks have diminished since 1876. The annual interest on the national debt is now \$83,773,778. The total banking capital of the country is \$656,485,899; total deposits, \$1,893,526,471.

ALL investigation by the Ute Commission was stopped on November 26th, by runners from the White River Utes, who stated that runners from the Uintah Utes said that troops were moving to the Uintah Agency to make prisoners, and that all the Uintahs had left for the camp of the White River Utes, who now refuse to come in until assured that this is not true. The Indians have been informed that this report is false, and that the troops are instructed not to advance during the present negotiations. Ouray thinks the story is an invention of the Mormon element, who are doing all in their power to create serious trouble.

##### Foreign.

It is denied that Russia is making threatening preparations.

THE Swiss Federal Council have decided to take no general action to suppress emigration of Mormons to Utah, but to act in special cases.

KING ALFONSO of Spain and the Archduchess Marie Christine of Austria were married in Madrid, on Saturday, November 29th, amid great pomp.

THE council of Turkish Ministers has decided to do its utmost to bring about a direct understanding with Greece and to avoid an appeal to the Powers.

THE Papal Secretary of State has written to the Nuncio at Brussels that the Vatican's relations to the Belgian Education Law are expressed only in its Belgian diplomatic correspondence.

THE Chilean army, which advanced from Pisagua against the allied forces at Iquique, has achieved a victory which gives them control of the Peruvian coast from Pisagua southward, and may compel the Peruvians to sue for peace.

THE first legislative session held in Paris since 1870 was opened November 27th with only the ordinary formalities. M. Gambetta advised the Deputies and the people of Paris to be tranquil. It is supposed that the Waddington Ministry may be reorganized.

ROWELL, the English pedestrian, has decided that the next walking match for the long-distance championship of the world and the Astley Belt shall take place in England. The backer of Panchot writes that he will withdraw his man if the next match does not take place in America. O'Leary also wishes to withdraw from the match.



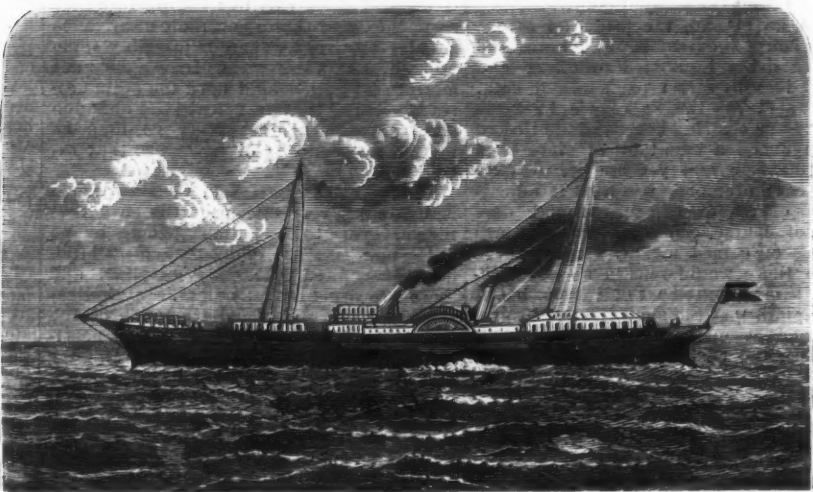
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 259.



ITALY.—FOUNTAIN ERECTED AT TURIN, COMMEMORATING THE COMPLETION OF THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.



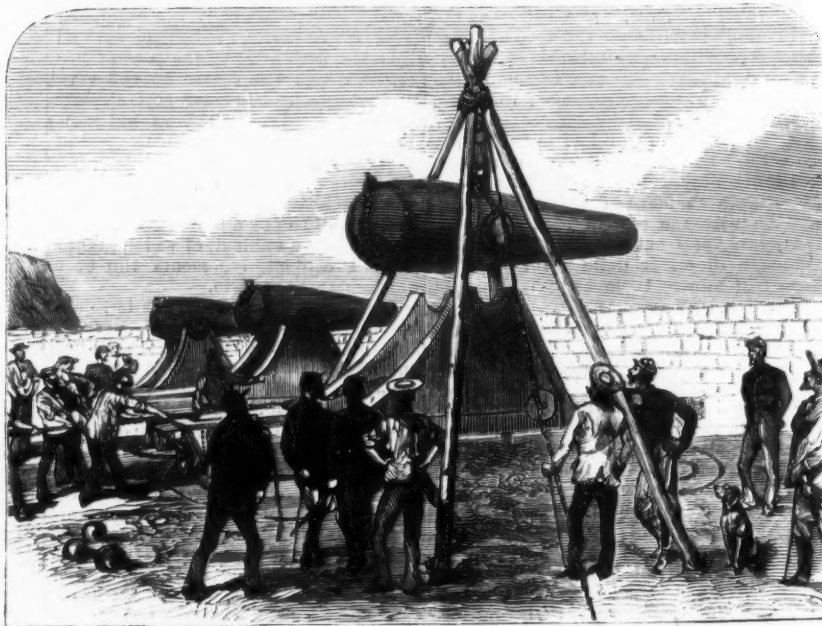
FRANCE.—PRESIDENT GRÉVY PLACING THE RED HAT ON CARDINAL MEGLIA.



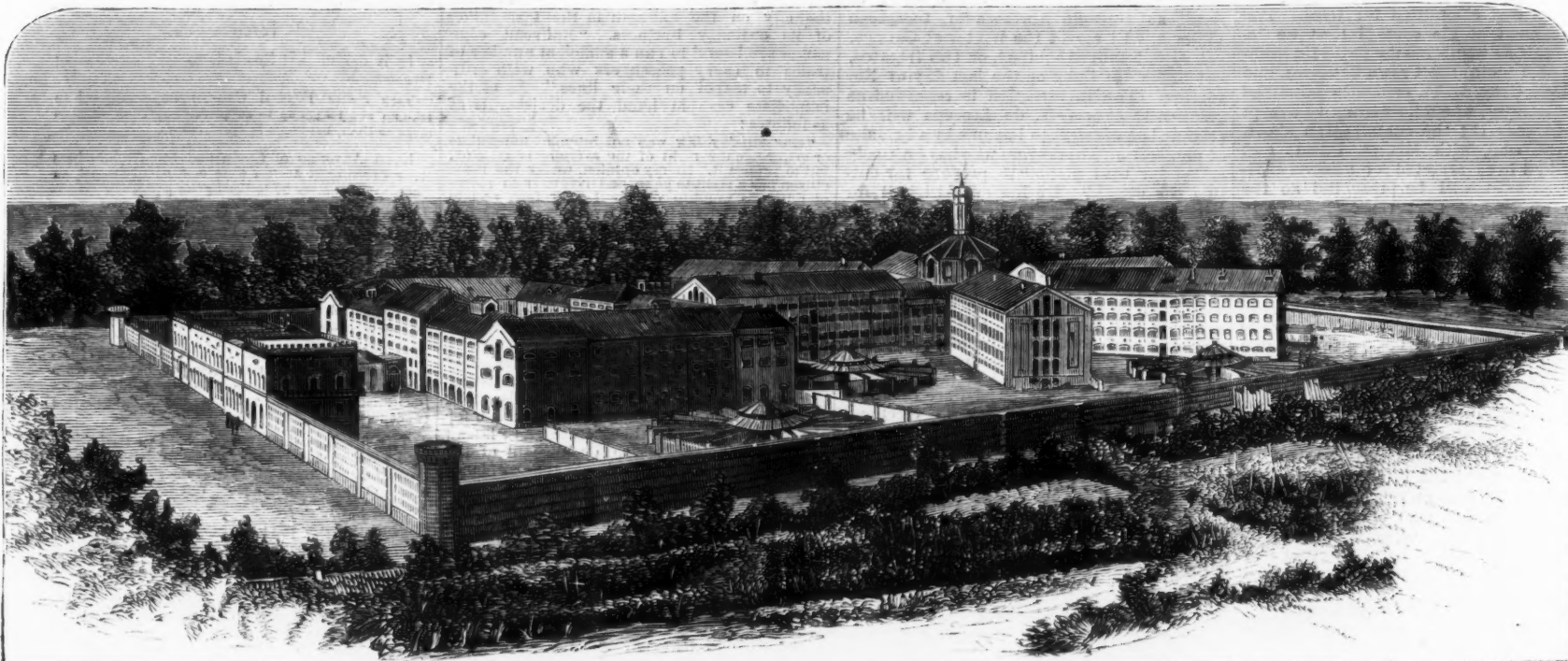
DENMARK.—THE PLEASURE YACHT OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.



ENGLAND.—THE PREMIER PASSING THE "LOVING CUP" AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

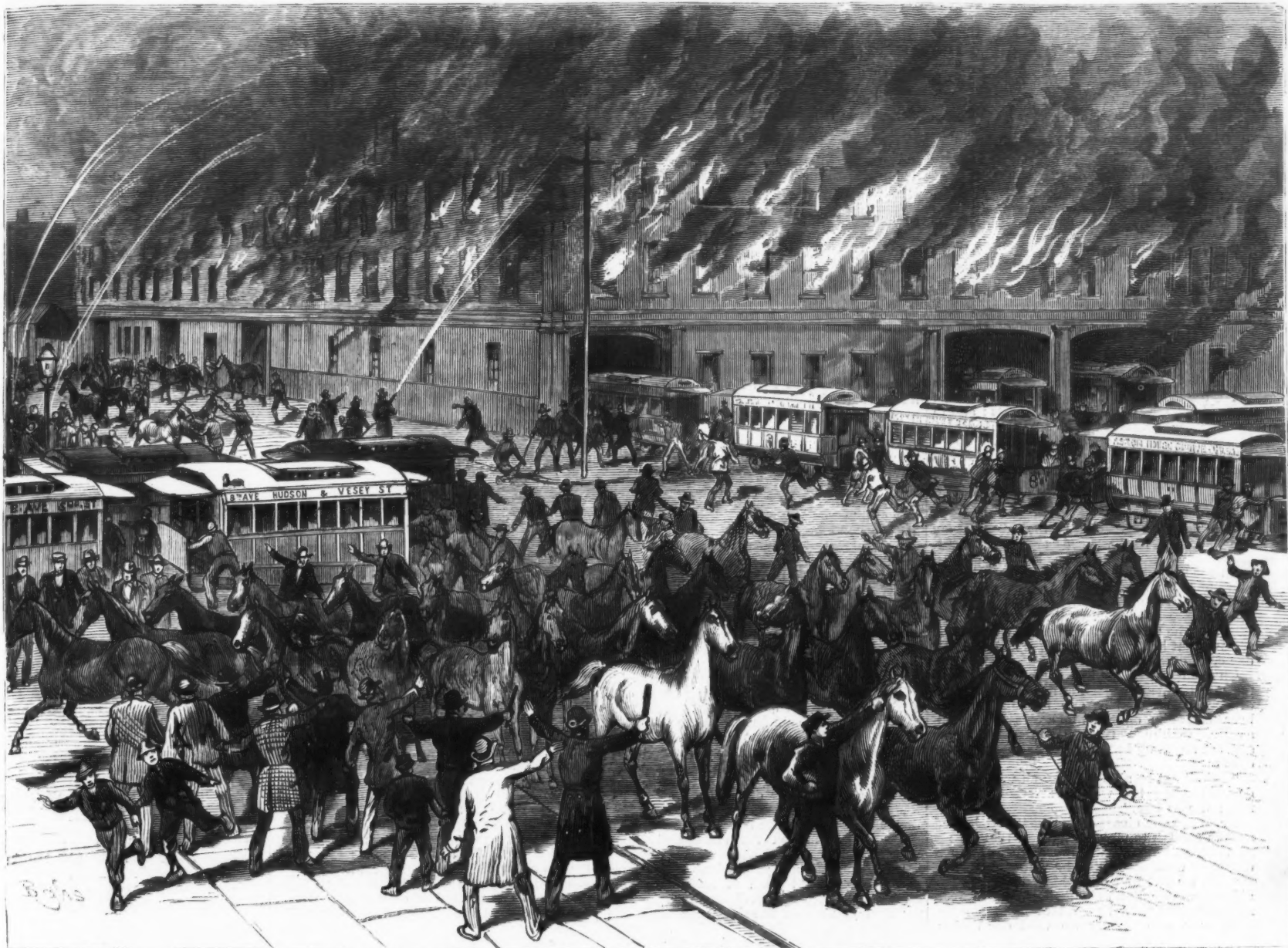


CHILE.—THE WAR WITH PERU.—MOUNTING HEAVY GUNS AT VALPARAISO.

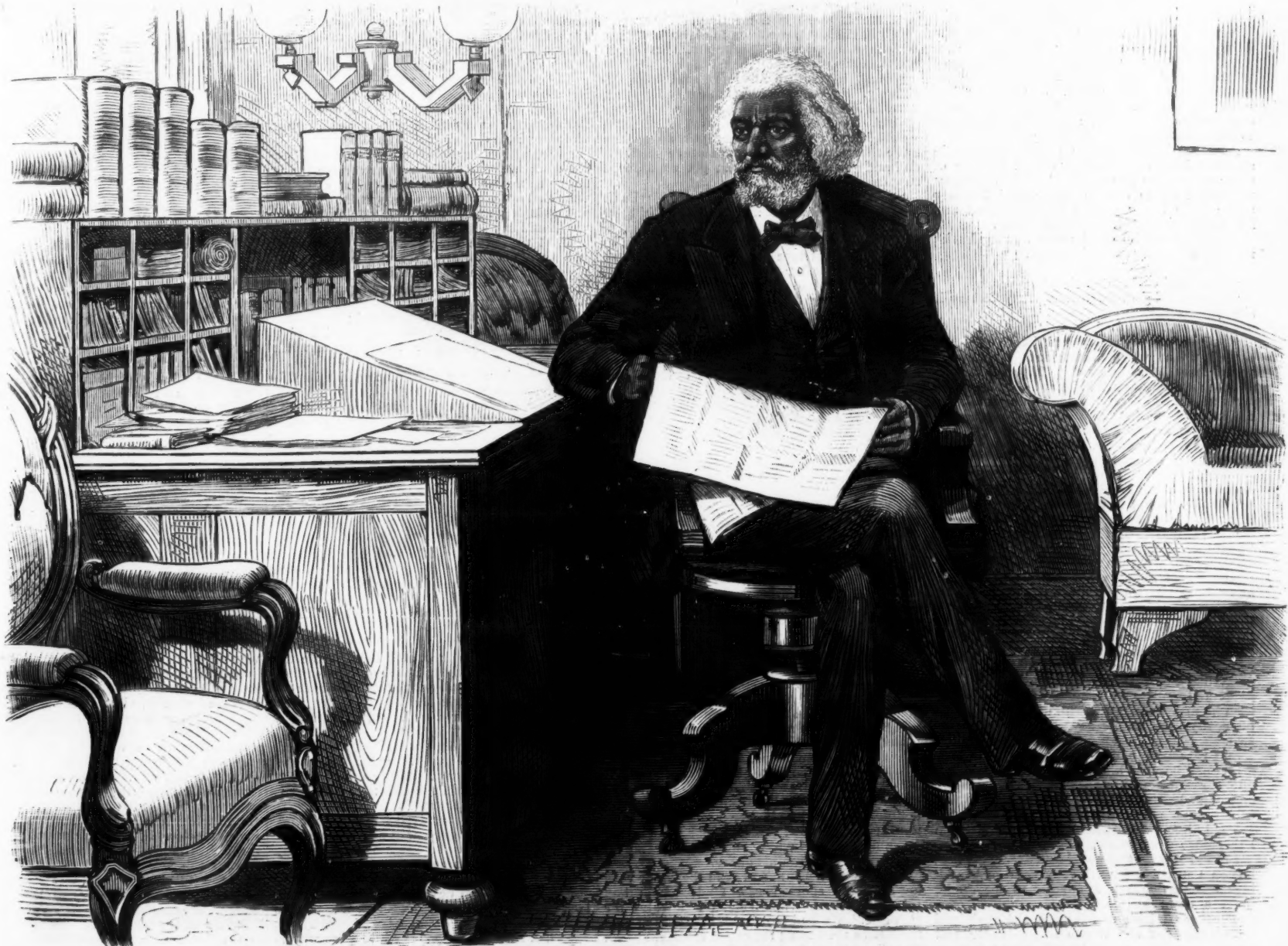


ITALY.—NEW PENAL ESTABLISHMENT CONSTRUCTED AT MILAN ON THE SINGLE CELL SYSTEM.





NEW YORK CITY.—DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE STABLES OF THE EIGHTH AVENUE HORSE CAR CO., NOVEMBER 25TH—EMPLOYEES RESCUING HORSES AND SAVING CARS.—SEE PAGE 265.



NO. 7.—OUR ARTISTIC CORRESPONDENT INTERVIEWING FREDERICK DOUGLASS IN THE DISTRICT MARSHAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN ON LEADING TOPICS OF THE DAY.—SEE PAGE 258.



## HEARING WITH THE TEETH.

(Continued from front page.)

A little girl who was born deaf indicated by signs and looks of surprise that she heard the sound of voices; but, having never before heard any sound, she did not know the meaning of the words. Instruments were placed in the hands of the entire class, and a lady sang, accompanied by an organ. At the sound of the first notes the faces of the mutes expressed great surprise, and when the voice of the singer rose and fell, and the harmony of the accompaniment blended with the voice, the pleasure of the mute listeners was manifested. Their faces lighted up and their hands were moved up and down as the pitch of the air rose and fell. Some of the mutes waved their hands with a peculiarly graceful movement to show that they could distinguish between the volume of the crescendo passages and that of the less loud portions. The inventor—with Caswell, Hazard & Co.—claims that totally deaf persons may be made to hear ordinary conversation by the use of the audiphone, and that they may then be taught to speak.

## SUE'S HUSBAND.

**A**MONG Mr. Whithune's mild lunacies was the delusion that he was an Adonis, an Apollo, a very King of Hearts; and to see his simpering air towards women, and his self-complacent air towards himself, without the power to take him by the throat and kill him on the spot, was a trial for which his fellow-creatures may be rewarded in another and a better world, but there are no gold medals for it here.

John used to say (John, by-the-way, was my husband, and Sue was his sister, Mr. Whithune, consequently, John's brother-in-law), John used to say he would give his salary if Sue's husband would commit a forgery or join a debating society, or do something decisive like other men, but Mr. Whithune's pet phrase was that he "knew a thing or two," and it seemed that he knew too much to do either the one or the other.

On one occasion he had come to the city to procure his winter stock of merchandise, and, of course, stopped at our house; so after breakfast John offered him a cigar, and said, as Mr. Whithune remarked that he never smoked anything but cigarettes—of course he didn't:

"I shall not be able to be much with you today, Whithune, but we will see the ballet to-night, if you like."

Mr. Whithune cleared his throat and looked solemn enough to make it appear that he remonstrated, but not solemn enough to have it distinctly understood that he would not go.

"Can we not find something more respectable than the ballet, John?" he inquired, feeling in his vest-pocket for a toothpick.

By way of economy, we used our dining-room as a sewing-room also, and the seamstress I employed was now seated on one side the fireplace, bending over her work.

She was a woman about fifty years old, of a sad expression usually, and thin physique; scant hair parted plainly on the forehead, and a sallow, rough skin, which betrayed the habitual use of cosmetics; but she had a pliant and elastic figure, and large, bright eyes which seemed, under genial influences, capable of becoming brighter still. She was clothed in shabby black, and presented altogether the ordinary appearance of an overtaxed needle-woman somewhat advanced in years.

As Mr. Whithune made the above remark, she raised her eyes to his face and a shade of color came into her faded cheeks; then they wandered off to John, and she smiled faintly as he gave her a glance of amusement, and left the room with his brother-in-law.

Presently my husband came tearing back; rushing up-stairs three at a time.

"Carrie! Oh, Carrie!"

"Adsum!" came from the store-room.

"Carrie, I'll give Mrs. Oakley fifty dollars if she will do it."

"Do what?" I asked.

"Sell Whithune," answered John.

"Why, who wants Whithune? Who in the world may I be allowed to inquire, do you suppose would have Whithune?"

"Oh, I mean—pshaw—sell him—make a fool of him, you know," said John, eagerly.

"You cannot improve on nature, and she made a specialty of Mr. Whithune. However, what would you of Mrs. Oakley?"

"I will take Whithune to the ballet to-night, and I want her to make eyes at him, and kiss her hand at him, and all that. Make a fool of him. Sell him, as I said."

"But it will flatter him to death. There will be no tolerating him."

"Oh, we shall have to let him down, of course," said John; "I don't know how, exactly, but some way. There will be the fun."

"But he necessarily sees her every morning, for she comes before we breakfast. Suppose he should recognize her?"

"Recognize her, the mischief! If he can recognize that poor old needlewoman in her rusty black clothes, through the spangles and paint and pads and tringes of the *dansuse*, then he may take my hat and I'll own up that he really does, as he says, know a thing or two."

So I returned to Mrs. Oakley.

She had become known to me through one of our servants who went home every night, and who had one day told me of a woman occupying a room in her neighborhood, who seemed almost destitute and very sick, whom I therefore went to see.

I found Mrs. Oakley as I have described her, but on a small bed, with very poor surroundings, and was greatly surprised to see among them a satin bodice, gayly spangled. Appreciating my look of surprise, she explained by saying that she was a ballet dancer, and had been making some alterations in the dress when taken ill. Being a country girl just married and come to the city to live, I was speechless with astonishment.

"Yes," she continued, "I have been a *dansuse* thirty five years."

"Why, I thought they were all girls!" I exclaimed. "Beautiful girls!"

She laughed, though so sick. "Much for their being all girls, or beautiful either," said she. "A number of them are, of course; but not all, I assure you."

"And I thought," continued I, glancing around the room; "I thought they made any quantity of money—money to throw away."

"So some of them do, and I have made a good deal at it myself, but my day is past, and I take only inferior parts now. You thought another thing, no doubt, lady, that there is no good in any of us, and there again you are mistaken, as I hope to live to prove to you."

It was a long time before she grew strong again, but while she was convalescent I gave her all the plain sewing I could find for her, and even after she had returned to her accustomed avocation of *dansuse*, she came to me whenever I needed her services.

She was not sensitive about either her age or appearance, and had a latent love of fun which encouraged me to believe that she would promote John's wishes, and I was not deceived, for she entered into the spirit of the plan with a promptness which leads me to doubt the assertion that woman, though often endowed with wit, never possesses humor.

That evening John took Mr. Whithune to the Varieties where, as "Emile de Verne," Mrs. Oakley smiled at him, and languished at him, and kissed her hand at him, and stood on her toes at him, and tossed her spangles in the air, and clasped hands above her head and peeped from underneath them at him; and, oh, the maddening smirk with which he appeared at the breakfast table next morning, and stroked his chin and spoke patronizingly of the performance as "pretty fair, pretty fair," adding with attempted nonchalance:

"By-the-way, John, that wasn't a bad-looking girl on the left; wore scarlet and gold, if I recollect aright."

"Over the left, you mean," returned John. "Girl, indeed! Why, she's fifty years old if she's a day! What will you bet?"

"I never bet," said Mr. Whithune (oh, no, of course, he didn't!); "but I think I know a thing or two, especially about women, and," throwing his shoulders back and pompously drumming on the table with his fingers, "and the person we speak of is no more fifty nor forty, nor thirty years old, than I am eighty. I doubt very much if she be twenty."

The old lady in the corner smiled and clipped off a thread.

"Oh," said John, "you defend her because she evidently fell dead in love with you; struck her colors at once."

"And you attack her," said Mr. Whithune, laughing and coloring like a boy under the cordial administered to his vanity; "you attack her for the same reason; because it wasn't you."

"I shall send Sue word," said John. "Are you going again to-night?"

"I think there is a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association to-night," said Mr. Whithune, evasively. Evasively. He could not tell even a good square falsehood.

"Don't put that up for Sue," said John, derisively. "Nobody is going to carry it to her, and she is too wide awake to take it if they should. Let's go to the Varieties. At least I would if I were you, because you so seldom have the opportunity. I have other business on hand myself, but you can get on alone, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Whithune. "Don't trouble yourself about me. I know a thing or two. She's not lost."

"All right, then," said John, and faithfully dogging the footsteps of his brother-in-law, he found himself, after tea, in front of a florist's, while he awaited the reappearance of that brother-in-law with the bouquet he had gone in to purchase; and secondly, at the Varieties, where the bouquet was duly cast at the feet of "Emile de Verne," who smiled and pressed it to her heart, and retreated with a pirouette, kissing her hand to the audience *en masse* and Mr. Whithune in particular.

The next day Mr. Whithune's heart still yearned towards the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, and John kept faithful guard.

This time he followed Sue's husband to the jeweler's, and saw a bracelet safely clasped among the flowers.

Then to the Varieties as before.

This was continued for about two weeks, and Mrs. Oakley had brought for our delectation sundry tender missives and various handsome presents sent "Emile de Verne" (he had in his valise a copy of Spurgeon's sermons to carry Sue as a *souvenir* of his visit to the city), and John declared that the period had arrived in the history of Sue's husband when it became imperative that he should be "let down."

Mrs. Oakley being instructed to this effect, the next morning came prepared.

We did not afford Mr. Whithune time to fortify his spirits even with a cup of coffee, but John had himself at once called out to see an imaginary person at the front door, and I followed, professing curiosity to see whether it was any one from home.

We stationed ourselves behind the Venetian blinds that separated the dining-room and library, and peered through at the silent couple—Mrs. Oakley in her accustomed seat, and Mr. Whithune at the table, looking over the morning's paper, while he waited for me to return and give him his coffee.

He stroked his chin and read the paper with an air. He sported new studs which had taken his fancy while selecting jewelry for "Emile." He had parted his hair behind, and there was pervading his entire appearance an air of self-complacent sentimentality which could have been intensified only by his having parted it in the middle.

Anon a thrilling whisper broke upon the startled air.

"Dearest!" said Mrs. Oakley,

Mr. Whithune looked up, but concluding that it had been imagination, or rats in the wall, he suffered his eyes to fall again on the column of amusements.

Imagination, indeed! Rats forsooth!

"Dearest!" said Mrs. Oakley.

This time it was unmistakable, and he looked her full in the face.

"Did you speak, madam?"

She drew near, and clasping her hands tenderly under his nose, exclaimed, passionately:

"Oh, hour divine for which my soul hath longed when we might meet, soul and soul, without the false glare and fleeting glitter of the stage! Ay, beloved, without the intrusive gaze even of the domestic circle! Ah, dearest, thou wilt not think me over-bold that I do say beloved! But my heart so reveleth in this sweet being alone with thee, when I may hear thee say, as thy dear hand so oft hath writ, 'My own Emille'; and I would answer back with heart and voice—thine own!"

"You! Emille?"

He stared vacantly at her, and his chin dropped.

"Emille?"

He lay, rather than sat, on his chair, a limp and nerveless mass, and spoke in a hoarse, pitiful whisper—a ghastly whisper, if one may call it so—a whisper that sounded as a person looks who is gazed at through the small end of a telescope.

"Emille?"

"Thine own!—thine own! Did not thy heart divine?"

"Miss—ma'am—I—"

"Ah, call me thine own, dearest!—call me thine own!"

She struck an attitude, and gazed at him with what at the Varieties had been an enchanting smile, but was now a mere fantastic and repulsive contortion.

"Miss—ma'am—I— Will you please tell me who you are?"

"Ah, am I not fondly thine own? Thine Emille?"

"I haven't got any Emille, and I never saw you in my life," asserted Susan's husband.

She turned her head on one side, and brought her crow's-foot to bear upon him in another arch smile, which nearly drove the poor man to distraction, but he managed feebly to reiterate:

"I never saw you before!"

Then she opened a box lying on the sewing-machine, and, taking therefrom a pair of earrings, deliberately fastened them in her ears. Keeping her eyes fixed on his, she drew forth a bracelet and clasped it on her bony wrist; then she hung a necklace on her sallow neck.

He still stared vacantly, and hung across the chair. He had turned red and white and yellow, and was now becoming a beautiful green; but there is no name for his complexion as, vigorously rolling the breakfast table into a corner, she left a broad space before him, and commenced a *pas seul* which he had applauded and encored and gone mad over, night after night, at the Varieties.

But, oh, the ludicrous contrast!

There had been a rosy, youthful fairy, floating about amid the undulations of breezy flounces—amid the sheen of spangles and the flash of gems, surrounded by lights and music and the magic of a crowd.

Here, in the merciless daylight, was a sallow old woman, around whose unattractive limbs flapped and dangled a faded cotton dress; a wrinkled old woman in clumsy shoes, leering and grinning, and—except for our own sake, we should say—kicking up her heels.

What passed in the mind of that poor man, is known only to himself and the good Lord who fashioned him. All he did "ere his fainting spirit fell" was to gasp and choke and turn a deeper green.

And then he humbly murmured:

"Miss—ma'am—er—madam—er—I'll give you a five-hundred dollar watch if you won't tell John."

"Why—ah, why would he our union bar?"

"Ma'am—madam?"

"But we forsooth will brave him!" she exclaimed, with tender fervor, bending over his shrinking anatomy.

"But, miss, I'm Susan's husband."

She drew back and scanned him composedly. "Ah! Just so. I knew you were somebody's husband by the boy-in-the-apple-orchard air you wore while enjoying the ballet. But who is Susan, pray?"

"John's sister, ma'am," said he.

After a moment's pause, with her eyes still fixed upon him, she opened her mouth and elaborately inflated her lungs. "I believe I'll scream," said she.

Mr. Whithune came so near fainting that she continued, hastily:

"Don't, now, because I shall have to throw something in your face, and it might be the hot coffee. You say you will give me a five-hundred-dollar watch not to tell Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Whithune, eagerly, feeling very much revived. "I will bring it when I come back to dinner."

"When—you—come—back," she repeated, slowly and impressively. "Ah, that is indefinitely. I will accept your check, my friend. You wouldn't mind my telling Mr. Smith's wife, would you?"

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Mr. Whithune.

"Well, three hundred will answer for that, and—I don't wish to be exacting—we will say two hundred not to scream. Just give me a check for a thousand dollars and—"

"Why, madam, I never saw a thousand dollars. I am not sure I ever saw a man who had seen a thousand dollars."

"Then I shall be compelled to give way to my feelings and scream—"

But at this juncture John yielded to his, and his mirth exploded into laughter, so there was nothing to do but for us to re-enter the room, which we did still laughing, as if at something that had taken place outside, and,

as we entered, we heard Mr. Whithune say, *sotto voce*, and with tremulous haste: "Don't say a word. I'll give the check. I swear I will."

"What's the matter with the table? Spirits about?" asked John.

"The lady dropped her thimble and I rolled the table aside for her," said Sue's husband, feebly turning his eyes toward the *dansuse* of ten minutes ago, as if for confirmation of his words.

"Why, hello, Whithune!" exclaimed John. "What's the matter? You look collapsed. Are you sick?"

"Yes. Not very. I feel quite ill," said the poor man.

"My dear fellow, you must have a mustard plaster and quinine powder. Get the mustard, Carrie."

"Oh, I don't think he needs that, John. A cup of coffee will answer, no doubt," said I.

"No, indeed, Caroline," replied John, regarding me severely. "It shall not be said that Sue's husband was neglected in her brother's house. Come, Whithune, Mrs. Oakley, there is a box of mustard on the sideboard. Will you be good enough to take a large napkin, or some of that cloth you have in your basket, and prepare a plaster?"

She sprang up *con spirito* and made an enormous plaster, while poor Mr. Whithune actually allowed John to force him into taking the nauseous powder and going to bed; though, perhaps, he really felt ill enough to do so. John says he put on the mustard, too, but I don't believe that.

One thing, however, I know, that John had not been twenty minutes out of the house when Mr. Whithune slipped down the back stairs, valise in hand, when I met him.

"Going out?" I exclaimed, with a congratulatory smile.

"I—I thought I would try a little fresh air," responded Sue's husband, with a gasp of guilt and fear; "but—but you may expect me back to dinner."

I cannot say that I do, for John is smoking his post-prandial cigar, and it is my belief that, in the course of the evening, Mr. Whithune and his valise, and the volume of sermons for Sue, will all have reached home.

## TALKS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS WITH EMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

—No. 7.—

## FREDERICK DOUGLASS ON THE NEGRO EXODUS.

He Thinks it Ill-advised.

## THE SOUTH PECULIARLY ADAPTED TO THE BLACKS.

The Exodus not a Remedy for Alleged Evils.

EDUCATION AMONG THE NEGROES—THEIR PROGRESS SOCIALLY AND INDUSTRIALLY—THEIR POLITICAL STATUS, ETC., ETC.

"THE occasion of unveiling the Thomas statue was a great day for me," said Mr. Frederick Douglass, United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, as I seated myself beside him in his official sanctum at the City Hall, Washington. "For the first time in the history of Washington—it was an old slave-holding city at one period—a colored man rode in a grand procession in the carriage with the Chief Justices of the District of Columbia, and immediately in rear of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States."

Frederick Douglass was born at Tuckahoe, Talbot County, Maryland, in 1817. His mother was a negro slave, his father a white man. For ten years he worked as a slave on a plantation. While working at Baltimore he fortuitously learned to read and write. In 1838 he fled to New York, and, seeking immunity from arrest, was taken in charge by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, from whom he received employment. In 1841 his career as a public speaker became pronounced, his argumentative and luminous speech on the horrors of slavery at a meeting held in Nantucket producing a profound impression. In 1845 he visited Europe. "They wanted to raise a penny subscription for me in Scotland," he said to the writer, while briefly narrating the chief incidents in his eventful career, "but I refused it. I asked for a printing press, and they gave it to me." Upon his return to this country he began the publication of a vigorous and anti-slavery paper in Rochester, N. Y., which he kept up until the civil war. In the early part of the struggle he urged the employment of colored troops, and President Lincoln frequently consulted with him on that subject. After the Proclamation of Emancipation he lectured through the States and Canada. In 1870 he started the *New National Era* in Washington, and the following year was appointed by President Grant Secretary to the Santo Domingo Commission. He was subsequently a member of the Territorial Council of the District of Columbia, and Presidential Elector-at-Large for the State of New York, and the messenger for carrying the official vote to Washington. To his present responsible and important office he was appointed by President Hayes.

Mr. Douglass is fully six feet in height, and



endowed with a splendid physique. His hair, combed high from off his forehead, flows in a snowy cataract over his head and ears, and the contrast of the soft, white framework to the tawny skin is as vivid as it is uncommon. His dark-brown eye flashes as he warms to a subject, and there is about the entire man so thorough, so abiding an earnestness, that, after a few moments' conversation, one ceases to wonder he has risen "strong" above his fellows. Such men do not remain in the ranks.

"What, in your opinion, was the primary cause of the exodus of the colored people from the South, to Kansas and other Northern States?"

"The primary cause was the low wages and the political persecution to which the Republicans of all colors were subjected in the Gulf States. This was the primary cause, and, no doubt, defeated political aspirants have done much to encourage discontent, and to encourage the exodus."

"You are opposed to the exodus?"

"I am."

"Will you kindly state your reasons for being opposed to the movement?"

"My objection to the exodus is, that it invites the colored laborers of the South to leave a country to which they are entirely adapted as laborers, and to go into a country for which they are unfitted, by reason of climate and other causes, to live and flourish. It asks them to leave a country where their wants are few, and go to a country where their wants will be many and difficult to supply. It asks them to leave a country where they have no competitors as laborers, and go to a country where they will meet with a great variety of competitors. It asks them to leave a country where the landowners are themselves unaccustomed to work, and who must, therefore, have the negro as a laborer, and go to a country where the landowners do their own work, and where the labor of the negro is not indispensable."

"Do you object to it on any other grounds?"

"I do, sir. I object to it again because, taken to any Northern State in their present ignorant and destitute condition, they will be likely to invite against themselves the very aversion from which they will escape. I object to it again because those who have prejudice against the negro race will find in this exodus a new ground for attacking the race politically. I dread the effect of that portion of the press and that class of political speakers who can go upon the platform and hold up to view the degraded and destitute condition of these colored people, and charge upon the Republican party the introduction of them into doubtful Northern States for the purpose of outvoting the native white population, and thus securing negro rule outside of the old slave States. Such an appeal to popular prejudice would, in my judgment, in certain of the Western States, kindle against the emigrant population a fury and violence as bad as that from which they are endeavoring to escape."

Mr. Douglass here took two or three turns up and down the apartment.

"I am opposed to this exodus," he resumed, "because it is not a remedy for the evils which the negro of the Gulf States is now enduring, and, furthermore, because it is a cry of despair, and a denial of the possibility of securing and protecting the rights of the colored people upon the soil of their birth."

"Have you any further objections to urge?"

"I object to the colored man leaving a country where he is politically protected, where, for instance, he has a majority of from twenty to thirty thousand, as in Louisiana and Mississippi, to go to a country where he will be politically impotent and almost a nonentity. I object to his leaving a country where he has the power to elect representatives to the Congress of the nation, and so diffusing this power as that he can never elect one of his own class to position."

"What is the extent of the exodus?"

"The extent of the exodus cannot be more than ten thousand persons, and they are mainly in the State of Kansas. Some four or five thousand have taken up their abode in the State of Indiana, and some few in Ohio, but the whole will not exceed ten thousand."

"If the exodus continues how should it be managed; by committees, or boards of intelligent negroes, or by whites?"

"Now, in all I have said, I wish it to be understood that I do not object to individual self-move, self-sustained, and self-directed emigration. Such emigration may, in individual cases, prove highly beneficial, but I object entirely to the organization of associations with the object to promote emigration personally, for this I regard as an evil. I hold with Emerson 'that the man who made Rome worth going to see, staid there,' and I do not wish to have my race further humiliated by seeing agents perambulating the country taking up collections of money and of old clothes with which to help them, while in fact only a few thousand will receive the benefit, where millions will share the degradation. Now, with regard to the matter of establishing colonies separate and distinct from the white people of the country, I regard all such schemes as impossible, and, furthermore, as impracticable."

"Will you kindly state your reasons for this line of conclusion?"

"I shall, sir. In the first place, there is no part of the continent, or of the world, where the negro can be perfectly separated from the Caucasian race. That race is omnipresent. They cover all islands, capes and continents. They compass sea and land. They are at Sierra Leone on the west coast of Africa; they are at Natal in South Africa; they are at Zanzibar at the east end of Africa, and they are present everywhere on this continent. You can have no reservations on this continent for any class of people very long. We have tried it with the Indians and with bloody results, and no doubt any attempt to put the negroes by themselves anywhere on this con-

ment would be followed by like results. The antagonism between negro and white man would doubtless be as bitter as any that has taken place between the British in South Africa and King Cetewayo, or any between our Indian tribes. There is no safety for anybody in the United States outside of the Government of the United States."

"Are your views shared in by the leading colored men of the country, Mr. Douglass?"

"These views are objected to by many of the leading colored men of the country, sir; but after reading all they have had to say on the subject, I am still of the opinion that any wholesale emigration of the colored people from the South will prove a mistake, a failure, and a calamity; that, all other things being equal or nearly equal, the South is the best place for the negro. I am far from believing that the Southern white people cannot be reached and their sentiments modified by the spirit of the age and the progress of civilization. I have seen the Northern States in very much the same condition on the question of slavery, and upon questions of the rights of the negro, as that occupying the Southern States, and I have seen these States gradually regenerated and reformed, till now the negro has little to complain of as to his position before the law, or in society."

"Do you consider that the South will follow the example set by the North?"

"What has happened in the North in this respect I believe will happen in the South; and instead of running away from the South, my counsel to the colored man is, to stay there, and endeavor by industry, economy, education and good conduct, to make the South agree with his desires and conform to his constitutional status as a citizen of the United States."

"Do the local laws as to contracts or taxes operate oppressively upon the colored people?"

"I have heard much complaint in the matter of taxation, especially the poll-tax, but I am not prepared to say that the hardships attending the collection of taxes do not arise out of the ignorance or illiterateness of the parties taxed, and that it does fall upon illiterate whites as well as upon blacks. The complaint is that these men come forward to register in order to vote, and that they are denied registration on the ground that they have not paid this tax."

"Are the colored people bettering their condition? Are they cultivating land on their own account?"

"In the State of Georgia since the war they have acquired property, and are now paying taxes on \$6,000,000. The colored people of Louisiana are paying taxes upon \$50,000,000. Societies of a benevolent character are multiplying; among them good schools in many of the Southern cities are in a flourishing condition, while in countries away from the cities the sparseness of the population and the indisposition of the old planters to favor facilities for education are keeping the colored people back; but, nevertheless, the light is dawning in the darkest corners of the South, and from the best information I have on the subject, I am of opinion that the condition of the people is gradually and certainly improving. It must be borne in mind," added Mr. Douglass, with great energy, "that the negro started from a very low point, not only as to worldly goods, but to mental attainments. He was emancipated under conditions utterly unfriendly to the success of emancipation. He was not free as to the will of a deliberate choice on his part, or on the part of a community in which he lived. His freedom was the result of a military necessity, and he was literally turned loose in the tempest and whirlwind of war, without food, shelter, clothing or a land of his own upon which to stand. The old master class said to him, 'The Yankees have freed you, and now let them feed you. We do not want you, and the old quarters are denied you.' Thus, naked, friendless, penniless and ignorant, they were thrust from their own homes, and it was not until the old master class saw that they had driven away the hands and had left the mouths, that they had driven away the members and had left the stomachs, that they called back their hungry and destitute former slaves to the old fields of labor and to the old quarters of shelter."

As Mr. Douglass spoke, his eyes flashed, his nostrils expanded, while the heavy heaving of his chest also manifested how deeply the topic interested and agitated him.

"But for this hold," he continued, "which the negro had upon the old master and landholding class of the South, it is easy to see that the race must have been well nigh exterminated, and I rely upon this dependence on the negro labor as the best lever to lift the negro to success in the South."

"Are the colored people inclining more towards matrimony as an institution?"

"Among the best evidences of the improved condition of things in the South, marriages are coming into fashion, and bastardy held in contempt amongst the people. The colored religious denominations, as well as the white, are doing much to erect the family altar among the people where before it was unknown, for in the time of slavery they were herded together like cattle, sheep and swine. The sexual relations of the race were loose and formless, but now, as I have said, there is a growing respect for marriage, and with this, an improved tone of morals."

"As regards your schools?"

"In the City of Washington our public colored schools compare very favorably with the white schools, and most of their teachers are colored ladies who have graduated in normal and other schools in the Northern States. Upon the whole, sir, in view of the progress being made by my race, I do not grudge the forty years of my life devoted to the advocacy of their rights, and I do not despair of the ultimate success of what is now called the 'Experiment of Emancipation.'"

"Are the colored people more provident than formerly?"

"Providence is the negro's worst point, but the facts already referred to in respect to their acquisitions in Georgia and in Louisiana, and, I may add, other parts, prove that they are beginning to learn the value of property and of the accumulation of money; and very much of the teachings of the colored pulpit as well as of the colored public men have, of late years, gone to the point of the importance of acquiring wealth. My ground is that there is no progress without the acquirement of property. Where there is no property, there is no leisure; where there is no leisure, there is no thought; where there is no thought, there is no discovery; where there is no discovery, there is no invention, and, as a consequence, no progress. These ideas are taking root among the colored people, as I have reason to believe and know."

"Could you give me any instance of this property progress, Mr. Douglass?"

"I can, sir. One of the finest hotels kept now in the City of Washington—the Wormley House—is run by a colored gentleman, and quite large properties are now owned in this city by colored men, who, like myself, were once slaves."

"Are the colored people, as a matter of fact, politically intimidated?"

"There is no doubt that in certain sections of the South, especially in Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina, violence and intimidation have been resorted to. The Hamburg massacre in South Carolina, the Cussetta massacre in Louisiana, Vicksburg and Yazoo, the murder of Dixon, the shooting of Caldwell, the murder of Judge Chisholm and his family, and many other murders, make it impossible to say that intimidation and assassination do not exist for political causes in the Southern States. There are statistics showing that thousands of murders have occurred within the last ten years, directly traceable to political differences in the South."

"Are the negroes less Republican in their sympathy than five years ago?"

"Not in the least. The South is more Republican than ever, if it dared express itself. The trouble is, the Republican sentiment in the South and the forces of the South are without the advantage of intelligent and courageous leaders. The carpet-bag leaders have either been driven out, or have voluntarily retired from the political contest and left the rank and file like sheep without shepherds. But this state of the party," added Mr. Douglass, cheerfully, "will not long continue. The 'Solid South' is a transient political fact, and will speedily dissolve and disappear for the want, not so much of extraneous support, as of internal cohesion. The sober second thought of the South will soon begin to ask itself, 'For what have we made our section solid?' 'Against whom are we solid?' and 'For what are we solid?' 'Who has threatened us?' 'What institution of ours is now in danger from interference on the part of the North or the National Government?' And the answer to all of these questions must be that we have emphatically nothing in the South which requires solidarity for its defense or protection. We are alike under the Constitution, alike in the Union, and alike potent to protect our rights and to advance our interests under the Government. Why, then, should we not permit the freest expression of political opinion in the rostrum, at the ballot-box, and in our State Legislatures? And the wisdom of the South will give the needed answer to these questions; but all this will require time."

After some further conversation upon topics foreign to the mission of my interview, I left Mr. Douglass to the tender mercies of a dozen applicants craving speech of him.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### Fountain to Commemorate the Tunneling of Mont Cenis.

Italy is famous for perpetuating the history of great events not only in sober prose and in entrancing poetry, but also in medals and monuments. These last are not always mere blocks of stone, but commend themselves even to our utilitarian ideas when they assume the useful form of fountains. The tunneling of Mont Cenis could not be overlooked, and on the 26th of October there was inaugurated in the Piazza del Statuto, Turin, the fountain shown in our columns. The fountain shows a mass of rent and rifted rock, the mountain smitten by the wrath of heaven, on which the Titans were endeavoring to storm the empyreal heights. A serene, majestic angel, lighting on the summit, looks down on the baffled and defeated giants, clinging desolately to the ruin around them.

### President Grévy and the New French Cardinal.

Monsignor Meglia, formerly Papal Nuncio to France, having been created a Cardinal, received the red hat, according to ancient custom, from M. Grévy, as President of the Republic, with much ceremonial show. Four companies of the Eighty-fifth Regiment of the line formed a guard of honor in the court of the Palace of the Elysée, and members of the Noble Guard attended the new Cardinal in the Grand Salon, where the hat was placed upon the head of His Eminence by the President.

### Danish Royal Yacht "Danebrog."

The steam-yacht *Danebrog*, built at the royal navy yard at Copenhagen, for the use of the King and Queen of Denmark, is of iron, has a draught of nine feet, is 192 feet long in the water, and twenty-six feet wide. Her speed is thirteen miles per hour. She is fitted up with sleeping, reading, dining and smoking saloons for the royal family, royal visitors and the ladies and gentlemen in attendance.

### The New Cellular Prison, Milan.

The cellular or solitary confinement system introduced originally in this country has been generally adopted, and the City of Milan has just erected, at a cost of about three millions of lire, a new and extensive prison on this principle. Its site is healthy and quiet, and the building, exteriorly, does credit to Italian architecture. The entrance leads to a court which, in its decorations, shows none of the gloom of a prison. After this all becomes severe. Five streets divide the prison buildings,

with their lines of cells opening on the galleries. When the prisoners, many of them old offenders, who had served terms in jails where the prisoners enjoyed each other's company, were brought here, and each committed to a separate cell, the effect was tremendous. For a time they were appalled, then they raved, shouted, beat with their fists and feet on door and wall, till they sank down exhausted. Gradually order was established, but the terror of the prison has already filled criminals with awe. The male department has a chapel visible from the cells; the women have a distinct part of the prison and a chapel room. Opening on this are solitary cells for the worst criminals, who can see the chapel when iron blinds are raised. All the departments of the prison are excellently conducted and managed, the American system introduced into Italy in 1857 having since received all the valuable improvements proposed here and in Europe.

### The Lord Mayor's Banquet.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, gave the customary banquet on Monday, November 10th, the chief feature of which was the address of Lord Beaconsfield. Our sketch shows the passing of the "loving cup," a time-honored institution at all civic banquets. On the right hand of the Lord Mayor sat Lady Salisbury, the late Lord Mayor, Lady Whetnam, and the German Ambassador, in the order here given, while on his left were seated the Lord Mayor, Lord Beaconsfield, Mrs. Crawford, daughter of the Lord Mayor, and the Lord Chancellor.

### Defenses of Valparaiso.

The illustration of the Chileans at work, mounting their heavy guns for the defense of Valparaiso, has considerable interest at this juncture, when we learn that they have made a successful offensive land and water movement, resulting in the capture of Iquique, P. R. The guns here being mounted are of American make, of fifteen-inch calibre, smooth bore, each weighing twenty-two tons, and will repel any hostile fleet.

### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE gold discoveries in the north of New Caledonia are reported to be turning out very valuable.

—A TERRA-COTTA cylinder of Cyrus has reached England. It describes his genealogy and entrance into Babylon.

—SCHOOL savings banks have existed in France since 1832, and now there are about 200,000 pupil depositors in the country.

—THREE boa-constrictors, found in the Chinese island of Hainan, have lately been presented to the Botanical Gardens at Hong Kong.

—THE majority against the Debt-payers in the late election in Virginia was 2,724. One-third of the total Readjuster vote was cast by negroes.

—FROM Japan we hear that the manufacture of sulphuric acid is now being extensively carried on at the Osaka Mint, and large quantities are exported to China.

—ABOUT a dozen Russian cotton manufacturers have lately gone to Egypt to buy raw material and to hire all the largest plantations on the banks of the Nile.

—WE learn that in the month of January, 1880, an artistic and scientific exhibition will be opened in Algiers. It will be the first which has ever been held in the colony.

—THE increased value of the Southern cotton, tobacco and sugar crops this year over last is estimated at \$50,000,000. This increase is due to better prices, as well as to a larger yield.

—IT is estimated, should the flow of gold continue from foreign countries, the metallic circulation of the country at the end of the present fiscal year will have swollen to over \$600,000,000.

—THE owners of established factories in Georgia complain of the legislative exemption of new factories from taxation for ten years, and it is said that the validity of the exemption is to be tested in the courts.

—EUREKA, Ark., is a mining town of almost miraculous growth. On the 4th of last July there were only six persons there and no houses. Now there are at least 2,000 people with about 300 houses; and there are nothing but lead mines there either.

—RUSSIAN papers publish the project of the Exhibition of Manufactures and Fine Arts, which will be opened in 1881 at Moscow. The Moscow Anthropological Society and the University propose to take an active part in it, and to give to the exhibition a scientific value.

—SOME Japanese Commissioners, deputed to study the police and judicial systems of Europe, have already visited France, Belgium and Holland, are now in Russia, and will next visit Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal and England, returning home by America.

—IN Champagne, France, a disaster has occurred unparalleled for sixty years. Not a bottle of wine has been harvested; the loss is terrible for the small grower. The grape did not ripen, and it has been gathered only in order to prevent trespassers from entering the vineyards and damaging them.

—IN the Cassel State Library, as well as in the archives at Hanover, Dr. Gerland has succeeded in discovering a whole series of important original letters, hitherto not known, from the pen of Leibnitz, the philosopher, and of Papin, one of the inventors of practical applications of the power of steam.

—THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company's lines east of Pittsburgh and Erie in the ten months of 1879, as compared with the same period in 1878, show an increase in gross earnings of \$1,999,019; in expenses of \$1,465,539; in net earnings of \$533,480. All the lines west of Pittsburgh and Erie for the ten months of 1879 show a surplus over the liabilities of \$960,599.

—THE project of erecting a meteorological observatory on the top of the Balon de Gervance, in the department of Haute-Saône, is progressing favorably. A fortress is being built on this elevated site, and will be finished next year. The garrison will very probably have the care of meteorological observations. A telegraphic line has been already established between the intended station and Belfort.

—A PARTY of 120 Latter Day Saints from Southern States have just located in the San Luis Valley, Colorado, where there is already a colony of between three hundred and four hundred people. This is the fifth party from the South that has gone to that locality this season. These Mormons get their lands from the State of Colorado at a low price, and conform to the laws of the State, which prohibit polygamy.

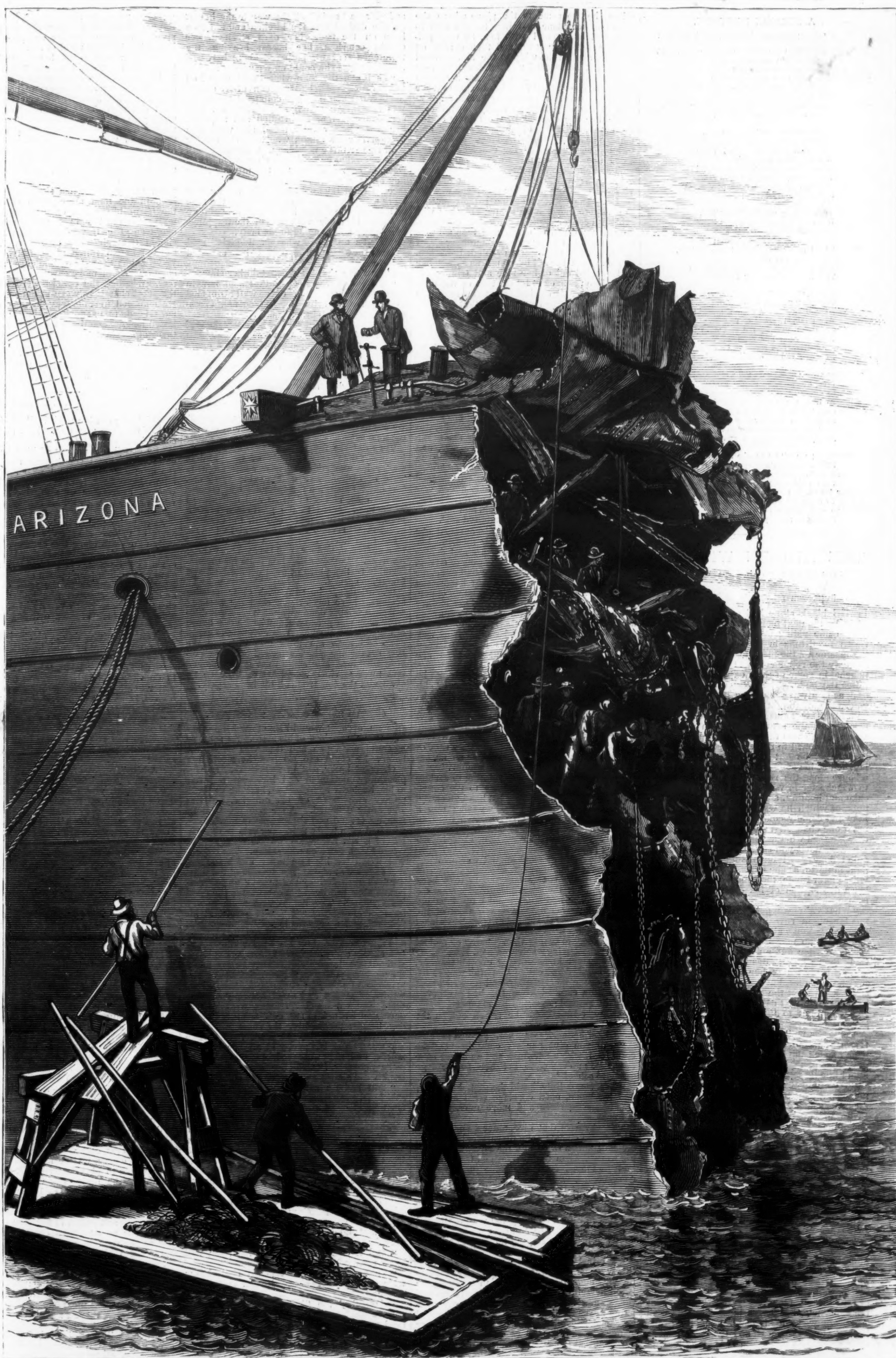
—AN Arab who was quarrying stone at a place about four and a half miles from Gaza, in Palestine, recently unearthed a marble figure supposed to be a colossal god of the Philistines. The total height is fifteen feet. The hair hangs in long ringlets down upon the shoulders, and the beard is long, indicating a man of venerable age. There is no inscription on the figure or the pedestal, which is a huge block carved in one piece with the figure. The statue was found in a recumbent position, buried in sand on the top of a hill near the sea.





CONNECTICUT.—OUR NATIONAL INDUSTRIES.—GATHERING OYSTERS BY STEAM OFF THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE, NEW HAVEN HARBOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 263.





NEWFOUNDLAND.—THE STEAMSHIP "ARIZONA," AS SHE APPEARED ON HER ARRIVAL AT ST. JOHNS, AFTER HER COLLISION WITH AN ICEBERG, NOVEMBER 7TH.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. H. PARSONS.—SEE PAGE 265.



## A SERMON IN STONE.

On a "Dust (Unknown)" in the British Museum.

WHO were you once? Could we but guess,  
We might perchance more boldly  
Denote the patient weakness  
That sets your lips so coldly;  
Ye lived, we know, for fame and blame;  
But sure, to friend or foe man,  
You bore some more distinctive name  
Than mere "B. C."—and "Roman"?

Your pedestal would help us much.  
Thereon your acts, your title  
(Secure from dull Oblivion's touch!)  
Had doubtless due record;  
Vain hope! not even deeds can last!  
That stone, of which you're minus,  
Maybe with all your virtues past  
Endows—a Tigellinus!

We seek it not; we should not find.  
But still, it needs no magic  
To tell you were, like most mankind,  
Your comic mask and tragic;  
And held that things were false and true,  
Felt angry and forgiving.  
As step by step you stumbled through  
This life-long task—of living.

You tried the *cul-de-sac* of Thought—  
The swift descent of Pleasure;  
You found the best Ambition brought  
Was strangely short of measure;  
You watched, at last, the fleet days fly,  
Till—drowsier and colder—  
You felt Mercurius standing by  
To touch you on the shoulder.

'Twas then (why not?) the whim would come  
That, howso Time should garble  
Those deeds of yours when you were dumb,  
At least you'd live—in Marble;  
You smiled to think that after-days  
At least, in Bust or Statue,  
(We all have sick-bed dreams!) would gaze,  
Not quite incurious, at you.

We gaze; we pity you—be sure!  
In truth, Death's worst infliction  
Must be less tedious to endure  
Than nameless petrification;  
Far better, in some nook unknown,  
To sleep for once—and soundly,  
Than still survive in wistful stone,  
Forgotten more profoundly!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

## THE HIDDEN WITNESS.

By the Author of "That Husband of Mine."

## CHAPTER IX.—LOU'S DISCOVERY.

THE black story had spread everywhere by the next morning. Sundry reporters came riding up to Lewindale, and, between furnishing breakfast, news and drink, the master of the place had a busy time of it. Not only the reporters but the neighbors came pouring in, some of them expecting and asking to see the body. The consternation was general, as is always the case in neighborhoods where the inhabitants depend upon each other both for their amusements and their excitements. All the servants were in a state of alarm. Who was there among black or white but had listened to the witty speeches of poor Ben Lake, bought his bogus jewelry and laughed at his stale flattery? There was not a house along the road from Harper's Ferry to Winchester in which he had not eaten corn-cake and hominy, and drank his glass of sour milk, of which he was very fond. His was a kind and comely countenance, and worth seeing if one chanced to be blue, for his merry eyes laughed whether his tongue wagged or no.

"Now, what you say, Aunt Roxy, dat ar dog didn't done yowl for nothin'?" said Lou, the light mulatto, as she came in from the stables where Sam Lingo, the groom, had been giving her a description of his dark ride the night before.

"What yo' mean, gal?" asked Roxy, placing in a large pan row upon row of potatoes for baking. "You's always finding mar's nests."

"Tain't no mar's nest dis yer time, but a reglar murder out an' out. An' who do you think they killed—dead?"

Aunt Roxy shook her head, really startled for the moment, but when Lou told her the story, she thrust the pan into the oven, and, throwing her vast calico apron over her head, rocked herself to and fro, as if overcome by grief.

"Might as well put in another pan o' them taters," continued Lou, catching up a basket, "for I speck the house'll jes be run down to-day, for 'twas massa and the colonel who found him."

Roxy's apron went down again. She had not shed a tear, but the solemnity of her black face was something quite awful.

"In the mist o' life we's all in def, ebery one ob us," she moaned; "you mind dat, gal, an' go an' wushup de Lord fore your time comes, or I'll be bound you'll git scairt at de great judgment day. Yes; there'll be lots o' company here," she added, a moment after, looking thoughtfully round; "an' I guess I'll make a heap o' biscuit. You, Lou, whar's dey put de corpus?"

"Down to de court-house," replied the girl. "Everybody's gwine, and so'll I when Sam Lingo goes down for coal—he'll take me."

"You'n Sam Lingo better stop yer foolin'," growled Aunt Roxy, at which the pretty mulatto only laughed, showing her white teeth.

It was, in truth, a great event in the slave cabins where everybody was talking about it. Sam Lingo, as he harnessed up, had plenty of solicitations from the yellow coquettes of the household, but he set them all aside with a majestic wave of his hand, saying it was his business to get the coal, and theirs to tend to their work. So when Lou rode off by his side in her jaunty white hat and feather, she cast many a saucy, triumphant glance back over her shoulder.

Sam was a wag of a fellow, and did not intend to go riding into town with a woman on a coal cart. He had his notions of gentility, so

when the two came to the place where the deed had been done, and Lou begged him to stop and look round with her, he very gallantly assisted her down, and then sprang on his seat, applied the whip to the high-spirited coal-black horses, and was off, laughing long and heartily. As for Lou, uttering a scream of terror, she ran after the lumbering cart for a few moments, but seeing by Sam's application of the whip that he really intended to leave her, she stopped in the middle of the road and looked about her like a hunted animal. The sun gilded the tree-tops and brought out the rich colors of the roadside, as she stood, uncertain whether to rush back or to stop and examine the fearful spot.

Early as it was, there had been several visitors there, but just now the place was deserted. The effect of such a catastrophe on the superstitious, uneducated blacks was seldom deep or lasting. A quick horror, a momentary dread of death, and then a burning curiosity to know or see something about the murdered man. Lou decided, therefore, to look about her—it by no means suited her to be fooled out of her ride and triumphant entry into town, or to let the rest of the girls see that, after all, she had been left to finish her journey alone. She remembered that Sam had said he must be back by ten, and she determined to remain in the road till he came, and so let him see that his practical joke came to nothing. Besides, who knew but near by where poor Ben Lake had met his death one's search might be rewarded by finding some of his goods—a ring, or, better yet, a chain or breastpin. With a flutter at the heart she commenced the search, first providing protection for herself in the shape of several flint-shaped stones, with which she filled her apron. Finding the place where by the blood-stains she knew the poor victim had lain, she began peering into every crack and cranny, and pulling aside dry twigs, and looking in every available place where money or jewels might be hid. Of course, she was frightened in her inmost heart, but that only added zest to the romance of the thing. Something in her dark bosom urged on the search, and for some time she continued it with unabated zeal.

At last, tired and somewhat discouraged, she sat down to rest, feeling every moment her complete isolation in this desolate and crime-stained spot, starting at the dropping of a twig, and wishing desperately that she had not come out at all. Still she wasn't going home—she would not give Aunt Roxy so good an opportunity for a sermon, neither would she endure the laughter of the others. Footsteps sounded and she sprang to her feet. It was only Jock, the body-servant of Colonel Wilde. How welcome was the sight of his black wizened face! In spite of her surroundings she laughed outright.

"Yo, yer!" was his single comment, as he stopped for a moment, and with a mop of silk rags taken from his venerable caster, wiped his heated brow.

"Yes, I'm here, Uncle Jock. Wasn't it awful?"

"Well, yest—I 'spect it was," he answered, gazing straight before him, "but de wegges of sin is death, and dat yar Lake was an unconvarted sinner. Did he lay yereabouts?"

"I reckon," replied Lou, pointing to certain stains. "They took him down to the court-house." The old man shook his head gloomily, looking down as if he were gazing into a grave, and holding his hat as if it were an alms-box. Then he turned round.

"Are you g'in?" asked Lou, sharply, unwilling to be left alone.

"Sartin—on'y de Lord knew I war coming," he answered, hobbling off.

The girl was sorely tempted to turn back with him, but the fear of ridicule was too much for her, and she watched the bent old figure till it was hidden by the turn of the road. Then came the sound of wheels. Colonel Wilde and his handsome boy Raphael, nearer like an angel in beauty than a being of mortal mold, came driving leisurely along. It was clear that the child knew nothing of the tragedy, for he laughed and called Lou, and though his father drove more slowly and looked about him with a clouded brow, the boy preserved still the natural gayety of his manner.

"How is Miss Eve?" he called out, as the colonel reached the spot.

"Gittin' better, Massa Rafe," replied the girl.

"Will you give her my compliments," he continued, with a fine flush and a gallant little bow. "I'm coming to see her before I go away to school."

"Yes, Massa Rafe," said the girl, demurely, and the small, open carriage went on. Lou was becoming more and more uneasy every moment.

The sky was that sweet, deep, sunny-blue, that in our climate sometimes rivals the rich color of Italian skies, and the birds were singing as merrily in the tree-tops as if the world had just been made for their pleasure and convenience. But slowly and surely settled upon the girl the consciousness of the blood-guiltiness with which the place was identified. The silence was becoming intolerable. She decided to return home by the way of Colonel Wilde's house, and so run over to Lewindale, as if she had been staying there with a neighbor.

"I'll just take another peep, maybe they threw something over the wall," she said to herself, and, fixing one foot in a cleft, she lifted herself to the top of the stone-fence, and there—met the blank, agonized glance of a pair of eyes far below her. At first, she stood entranced, looking down with a mighty fear at her heart. Then all at once came the impression that this man was the murderer, who had been wounded and had fallen backward among the loose stones and bushes. Acting upon this supposition, she gave one scream of deadly terror, flung her arms above her head, sprang into the road and ran home, utterly forgetful of her dignity, shouting "Murder!"

and "Massa Lewin" all the way to the house. As she dashed into the kitchen and fell in a heap on the floor, her eyes strained, her cheeks colorless, her breast heaving, the frightened servants gathered about her. To their inquiries she could only gasp out:

"I's found the man what killed poor Ben Lake!" she gasped, between convulsive efforts for breath; and then she collapsed again. It was not till Aunt Roxy had shaken her into consciousness that she rallied and regained her feet. In a calmer mood she went into Colonel Lewin's study, where he sat talking with two or three neighbors. Wine and cigars were even then early in free circulation. They were, of course, discussing the murder when Lou burst in upon them with her still scared face. One of the gentlemen, who lived a few miles away, had just been describing the race of a black horse that had finally brought up in one of his fields, with part of the trappings of a saddle still hanging to his body.

"What's up now—what is it, girl?" said Colonel Lewin, putting down his untasted glass.

Lou, with a shaking voice, told her story.

"If the deed was done by that man, how in the world did he get back of the wall?" queried Colonel Lewin, after questioning and cross-questioning the girl thoroughly.

"It is quite evident she has seen somebody," said one of the gentlemen, rising. "The man might have been wounded, and, in his effort to escape that way, fallen from want of strength. You are sure he was living?" he added, turning to Lou.

"He looked right in my eyes," replied the girl, still quaking.

"I wonder we didn't think of searching back of the wall," said Colonel Lewin; "however, we might take a turn down there and see for ourselves."

They did see for themselves. Flix laid as he had fallen, only, instead of the painless stupor, he was suffering now acute anguish. This, of course, was a favorable symptom. The dark, handsome face, slender and elegant proportions, nicety of dress and delicacy of manner, presented to the gentlemen certain proofs of his non-complicity with the disabled man in the horrible deed of the night before. More than likely he, too, had been wounded by a ruffian, or ruffians, and thrown over there for dead. As they lifted him from his uncomfortable resting-place he groaned audibly, and found his speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, with clear, precise accents, "have any of you seen my horse?" and then fainted dead away. With great difficulty help was procured, and Flix, after hours of unspeakable torment, was carried to Lewindale, laid upon a comfortable bed, and the best doctor the place afforded was immediately sent for. For some time it was feared that medical skill would be of little or no avail, and the doctor shook his head sagely.

## CHAPTER X.—NO CLEW TO THE MURDER.

ON no account would Flix allow his mother to be apprised of his state. As soon as he could use a pen, and that was some time before he could use his feet, he wrote her a cheerful letter, saying merely that he was pleasantly detained, and inclosing a letter to his business agent. And, barring the temporary suspension of his muscles, he was pleasantly detained. After proving who he was, his errand, and the identity of Black Jess, who had been lazily munching oats in the stable of a Mr. Ashington, no guest could be treated with more consideration. The colonel was noted for his hospitality, and made him feel at home at once. His version of the murder was recorded by the proper authorities, but no clew had been yet obtained to the missing criminal. The handsomest room in the house, fronting the south, was placed at his disposal, and a servant in waiting always at his command. Here, surrounded by pictures and flowers, Flix took his ease while slowly but surely convalescing. The splendid view without, the luxury and beauty within made the place seem like an enchanted palace. The princess of this place was little Eve, whose wealth of golden locks was his daily admiration. The child made friends with him at once, and wrote him two or more notes every day, besides frequenting the room whenever her little ladyship thought proper. She was a wayward child, but pretty in all her varying moods, and the sad-faced, queenly Dee—or more properly Desire—her nurse, interested the invalid almost as much as the child.

"You and I must always be friends," he said to Eve one day, when she was perched in her high chair at the side of his bed.

"And can I write to you when you go away?" she asked.

"Certainly you can, and I shall be sure to answer you. And this is the way I shall always begin my letter: 'To the angel of home—Little Eve Lewin.'"

He wrote it upon a card, and held it up for her admiration.

"Please to write where you live on the other side," she said, quietly.

He did as she requested.

"I will put it in my box and keep it for ever," she said, fervently.

"And if ever you want a friend, you will know upon whom to call," he said.

"Yes; if ever I want you I shall know where to find you," she said, with the utmost simplicity.

He watched the flitting color of the cheek, and thought to himself that she would not need much friendship or companionship on this earth. The weeks passed on, and still no clew was found to the murderer of poor Ben Lake. Flix, meantime, had recovered sufficiently to continue his journey. It was with great reluctance Colonel Lewin parted from his most congenial visitor, for in no other light would he regard him. As for Eve, she flung herself into his arms with passionate

weeping, much to the discomfiture of young Raphael Wilde, who looked daggers at his tall rival. The boy of twelve was passionately in love with the little maid of ten.

Several friends, frank, honest Southern gentlemen, had gathered to see him off. They had discussed all the questions that naturally arise between men of opposite political opinions, but it had been with courtesy and the utmost delicacy. That war must come before many years both sides agreed; how little did they foresee the long, deadly struggle, and the ruin of those ample farms and beautiful homes where they lived like lords of the soil.

Eve regretted her friend's absence more than even her father did. Her great delight was to talk of him. And she was looking forward to the time when she should write to him, in the fond anticipation of continuing the friendship, when once again the deadly malaria smote her, brain and nerves, and for one long year it was doubtful which force should triumph—life or death. Meantime Colonel Lewin failed perceptibly. His convivial habits grew upon him daily, and he became more and more careless in money matters. Whether the coffers were full or not, the guest chambers were seldom unoccupied. He managed in some way, in times of his utmost need, to procure money, but it never lasted long. Sometimes he would sell two or three of his slaves, till at last there were only some four or five left. Everybody liked him, but everybody lamented over his coming downfall, and prophesied evil, as they drank his costly wines and smoked his expensive cigars.

## CHAPTER XI.—A CURIOUS BOOTHBLACK.

"BLACK your boots, sir? I'll do it cheaper than the men do, and I'll black 'em all over—heels and all."

Flix had just come out of his room, having entered the hotel somewhere about four in the afternoon. The child who accosted him might have been ten years of age, but there was an expression of maturity in the face which made it, with all its beauty, almost unpleasant.

At watering-places in the South one finds all sorts of unique characters, but Flix was utterly puzzled to place this creature, with eyes like stars, and splendid hair that hung in loose curls to her waist. Her dress was neat, consisting of a plain black gown of some fine material, white ruffles in the neck and sleeves and a dainty apron. She looked neat and clean, and there was even a distinguished air about her which seemed a fitting key to further intimacy.

"You certainly don't black boots for a living, my child," he said, looking down into her eyes, which were powerful magnets.

"Yes, I do black boots, when I can get them to do, chop wood, bring glasses of mineral-water to all the stylish ladies when they will let me, because, you see, they pay me, and I like money."

"What is your name?" he further asked of this precocious financier.

"What will you give me if I tell you?"

He considered her sufficiently a child to answer:

"A kiss."

Her lips turned down at the corners. "No, thank you. I can't get kisses by the dozen for nothing. Besides, I don't like to kiss men with such ugly black whiskers and eyes as you've got. I don't believe if I lived with you a thousand years I should ever kiss you. Bah!"

"Oh, very well, young lady," he said, with affected lightness. "I'm quite willing to bide my time. I can dispense with the kiss very easily."

"And you won't give me your boots to black?"

"No, I won't give you my boots to black."

"You're a mean Yankee, that's what you are!" was the retort. "No Southern gentleman would refuse the request of a lady."

The mimic wrath and the tragic gesture were too much for Flix, and he laughed outright. The child drew her form up to its tallest proportions, walked towards him and administered a sudden slap on the hard, and by no means a light one, and, while Flix watched her between indignation and amusement, she turned her back upon him and marched away.

"Decidedly a girl with a temper," he said, musingly, as the light form vanished at one of the angles of the hall; "some smart child of some smart servant, I suppose; she will be ruined if she lives here—the last place in the world for such a forward, conceited little minx." Soon the gong sounded, and Flix went down-stairs to dinner, prepared to do justice to the fine courses for which the meals of the house were famous. He had just comfortably taken his seat, and was studying his bill of fare, the ebony waiter standing behind his chair, when to his consternation, walking the length of the dining room alone, came the child who had so offended his dignity, and took the seat exactly opposite. As he looked up he noted what beautiful eyes she had and the fineness and polish of her skin.

"That is no servant's child," he said, and just as the thought occurred their eyes met, hers red with a wrathful light.

With a dignity that was really unusual for a child of her age, she immediately rose, saying to the waiter who was then passing:

"I don't wish to sit opposite this gentleman—he has offended me."

"But missee, there's no other seat," was his reply.

"Then I will wait," concluded Miss Importance, and forthwith marched down the long room again, all by herself. Flix turned to the servant, his brown eyes dancing with mirth.

"Who is that little girl?" he asked.

"That's missee," was the dull answer.

"Yes, but missee who—what's her other name?"



"Dunno, sir—ain't got no oder name as I knows. What'll ye have, sir?"

"Don't any of you know her name?" queried Flix, curious, hungry as he was, to solve the mystery.

"Dunno, sir. I'll ax de cook. She's mos'ly like to know ef anybody—missee's all de time in de kitchen."

"Well?" interrogated Flix, impatiently, when the boy brought him a minute piece of canvas-back, "did you find out?"

"Cook dunno; only missee, sir," was the stolid answer. For a moment Flix was vexed, but then he reasoned that in a house like this, where there were from three to four hundred guests, it was not to be wondered at that the names of the children were not remembered. It was not much in accordance with the habits of a young lady, though, to make her quarters in the kitchen with the blacks.

"Are her parents boarding here?" Flix ventured again, after sending off his plate for ham.

"Dunno, sir; guess she ain't got none," was the reply. Flix started and looked down at his fork that for a moment played idly with the food.

This was the hotel to which that unknown correspondent had directed him, in which to find her child Sylve Bysche de Latude. The exceeding beauty of this girl, though she looked older than her years, her willful, imperious nature, and the manner that plainly showed that morally and mentally she had been neglected, gave him a presentment of the truth, that this was the charge he had come for, and for the seeking of whose welfare his life had been imperiled. Under the circumstances it is scarcely to be wondered at that he shrank from the conviction as well as the certain knowledge that this elf, wildling, witch, as he called her, was to be his mother's *protégée*. How could he subject Mrs. Forester's delicate nerves to such a trial; it was simply out of the question. The more he thought and reasoned with himself, the more he felt assured that this singular child was the one over which he was to exercise the duties of guardianship—most assuredly they looked anything but delightful to him, with the tingle of that vicious slap still burning in his memory. He hoped within his heart that his surmises were not correct—little Eve Lewin had prepared him to find angelhood in all children, but this girl had rather a spice of the opposite ingredient in her character as he had seen her. And yet there was such a spice of originality about her, that even though it ran counter to all the proprieties, he could not withhold a little young-manish admiration. If she had been older, now—what pleasure it would have given him to tame that lawless nature—but coquetry and passion in a child, that was another thing—the business was not so congenial. He rose from the table thoroughly prepared to find his suspicions correct. His business was to confer with the wife of the hotel proprietor, a Mrs. Bimley, but it occurred to him that he would first go to his room for a cigar as he had left his case there.

On opening the door he stood for a moment on the threshold, confounded. He had certainly not mistaken the number—no, there it was on his key—and this must be the very apartment he had left in exceptional order, being a neat person himself in all the little details of the toilet. But the bedclothes lay in a heap in the middle of the floor. The ewer had been filled till it ran over on the floor, and bade fair soon to reach the pillows and coverlet, as had undoubtedly been intended. His own small hand bag was turned inside out, and combs, pomade and brushes scattered over the carpet. Indeed, the state of the room was sufficient excuse for the deep flush of anger that overspread the face of the fastidious Flix. A chambermaid came at his call, and doubled her fists and shook her head as her eye took in the scene.

"It's that abominable missee. I knows her work," muttered the irate girl. "No use to have any fine feelin's in dis yer house. I'll box her ears, I will, for serving me such a trick, see? I don't. Now, I done wonder how she got at my keys. But she did—she'd get 'em 'thout a ladder ef I hung 'em top o' de sky. Bega your pardon, massa. I's sure it'll be all right in a few minutes, but we can't do nothing wid that child. Hope de Lord'll herry up de folks what's comin' after her—de Lord pity 'em, too, for I does."

Flix comprehended, but did not condescend to question the girl, leaving her with her work while he sauntered out to smoke on the piazza. Crowds of people were congregated on the grounds in front of the hotel, but he looked in vain for the child, towards whom he felt a sudden antipathy, a willingness to wash his hands of her altogether. It was not before evening that he sought the interview that was to decide the fate of Sylve de Latude.

Mrs. Bimley admitted him into her parlor with many apologies. She was an invalid, pale but not interesting. In her limp cap, weak eyes and faded hair, one saw how utterly characterless she was.

"Ah, yes, sit down, sir, sit down. Oh, not that chair, if you please. I tell the cap'n there ain't a chair in my room fit to use. You see, as soon as a chair begins to crack, they take it into this parlor—anything's good enough for the family. You know how it is. There's an armchair—its safe though dreadfully rubbed—too bad for the public parlor and almost too good for a private one. Little missee, you said, sir? Ah, you are the gentleman we were to expect. I envy you, sir—so sweet a child—the life of the house, any one will tell you, sir."

"Yes. I should judge she might make your boarders aware of her existence," said Flix, dryly. She looked at him narrowly with her blue-white eyes; her flabby mouth trembled.

"What! she has—then you have met the child—a pretty little girl—with better training. The poor thing has no mother, sir—and my

nerves—well, I can give her but little attention. I am an invalid, you see, sir. She's a bright, spirited creature, and such pay for care in the long run."

"Did her mother die here?" queried Flix, not caring to enter into particulars with the woman.

"Yes, sir, poor thing, and I never saw a prettier or a sadder creature. And that child, sir—indeed such devotion is very rare. You may read it in books, but very seldom one sees it in private life. Why, sir, she was more a woman than a child; with her mother night and day, and, sir, we had to lock her up by herself when the poor soul left us. Indeed," she added, forgetting her rôle, "it's the only way we can get anything out of her; just mention her mother, and she's as good as a kitten."

After a little conversation, in which the woman reiterated the dying wishes of the mother, and her steady faith that the friend upon whom she relied would not fail her, Flix decided to take the child upon his own responsibility, and to find a home or a good school for her. Mrs. Bimley brought out a box in which were some very rare family jewels, and spoke of several trunks containing the dead woman's wardrobe, which would, of course, go with the child. Her son, she said, was a lawyer, and would sign necessary papers, besides putting her guardian in possession of the money which was to be used for the expenses of her education and keeping. Indeed, the woman brightened up as the interview continued, till Flix felt some respect for her intelligence. She, on her part, was more than glad to be rid of an incubrance, as she considered Sylve, for she knew to her cost how difficult it was to minister to the child's capricious fancies. The matter was thus settled, and the woman undertook to prepare missee for her new experience.

(To be continued.)

#### DREDGING FOR OYSTERS BY STEAM.

WHAT a glorious day that was—the last rose of the Indian Summer! A keen, full blue sky. A green sea, flecked with laced wavelets. A sunshine that glittered over dull earth like a jeweled crown! It was at Fairhaven, Conn., and the good ship *William H. Lockwood* lay at her moorings, her steam up to anything. Mr. H. C. Rowe, her owner, a tall, handsome man, not yet well on in the thirties, bade the artist and I welcome as we stepped on board, and having blown a defiant whistle, we, in a few minutes, were steaming out into the bay and on to the happy hunting-ground where 1,500 acres of the bottom of the sea are paved with the luscious bivalves which we were now setting forth to dredge for by steam. The *William H. Lockwood* is a steamer of forty-nine tons burden, high in the bows, wide of beam, and built on the lines of a million non-capsizeing power. She is sixty-three feet long, and her draught of water is five and a half feet. She carries astern an unusually powerful engine, in addition to which is a double-cylinder engine for the purpose of hauling in the oyster dredges. The dredges consist of an enormous bag of linked chain, connected to a rope by three iron bars, proceeding from the ends and middle, meeting in a common centre, and forming the ring to which the haul-rope is attached. There are four dredges, with a man to look after the interests of each one, and a series of ropes, run through a series of pulleys, ultimately connecting the dredger with the engine. The centre of the boat is covered, doors open on either side, while rollers insure the smooth and safe passage of the ropes, as the ominous dredger descends in search of its prey, or is hauled to the surface surfeited, bloated and gorged. The new lighthouse is soon reached, and when a little to leeward comes the order: "Throw 'em overboard, boys!"—this to the experts who "stand by" silently waiting for the word. A rattle, a dull, heavy splash, a clatter of rollers, and down twenty fathoms descend the dredgers, bearing a death sentence to thousands of all-unconscious Fairhavens; down, down, the waters seething and boiling around the bleached and quivering ropes. The steamer forges slowly ahead, the artist makes his sketch, and I colloquy Mr. Rowe. "You see," he observes, with a light laugh, "the old hammer-and-tongs business is played out. I can fetch up more oysters in an hour's dredging, in this way, than in a day's dredging by sharpies and the old-fashioned stole-tongs. I can lift from ten to twelve bushels of oysters at a haul, while a tongs won't rake up a bushel. I am the only steam-dredger on the coast, and I find that it pays much better, as I can go out in all weathers, can 'bust' the ice, and keep my European clients always supplied. I do a lot of business with London and Liverpool, and many a 'blawsted Englishman, you know,' eats a half-dozen of Fairhavens, hauled by these very dredgers, while he fondly pays for—London natives. I pack all the small beauties for the English market."

The steamer still forges ahead, dragging the dredges along the bottom, and devouring the luckless oysters, the ropes twitching and straining and quivering the while. "A leetle more of 'em, boys," cries the captain. A "leetle" more it is, and the engineer is directed to "Fetch her up!" And then follows the order, "Let 'em come!" Clank, clank, clink, clank! and the hauling engine sets to work with a will. The rollers creak, and the water is squeezed out of the ropes as they pass over them. The iron ring appears above the waves, then the bars, and lastly the dredgers, gorged with oysters, many of which slip through the rings and over the sides. The dredges landed on the deck, the men—one of them a Montauk Indian, by the way—their hands protected by

thick leather gloves, after causing a general disgorgement, proceed to sort the haul, which consists of oysters, oyster shells, blue mud, waterworn stones, periwinkles, crabs, sea spiders, horseshoes, and occasionally an old boot. The good oysters, with inconceivable rapidity, are jerked into bushel baskets, and then heaped up in a pen erected in the centre of the boat, while the happy "youngsters" are flung into a corner in order to be restored to their native briny. "Let 'em come," cries the cheery captain, and again the dredges flop over the side to the music of the clink, clank, of the engine. Again is the haul made, again do the pickers sort the "loot," and thus from day to day during the season. Back to the place from whence we came, and we anchor at the wharf.

"Now," exclaimed Mr. Rowe, "we'll throw the oysters overboard here on my prepared ground, and give them a washing, or, rather, what we call a 'drink'; then to-morrow, or the day after, we shall cull them."

The oysters get their "drink" in this wise: All hands seize wooden shovels and commence tossing the "beauties," as Mr. Rowe loves to call them, overboard. This operation is performed with such a good will that the decks are cleared in a trice. Upon the following day the "diggers," booted to the hips, come after the oysters, transferring them by shovel to carts that back into the tide. This drink of fresh water, although it weakens the briny flavor, fattens and beautifies the oyster, and there is beauty even in an oyster.

Mr. Rowe, with his \$6,500 steamer, dredges up seven thousand bushels of oysters a month. And such oysters! I have eaten the Ostend at the Café Anglais in Paris; the Poldoody on the banks of the Shannon; the Native at Pym's, in the Poultry, and within sound of Bow Bells; the La Mancha in the City of Mexico—all more or less perfect in their way; but the Fairhaven possesses a special flavor, and one which, while recalling that of the others, seductively maintains its own *à outrance*.

Mr. Rowe is the oyster monarch, and had he lived in the days of Lucullus, he would have been the most noble Rowe-man of them all. As it is, his lines fall in pleasant places, and, with "All the world's mine oyster" for his motto—his broad platform whereon to shape his ends—I trust that the success which has already attended his enterprise will increase and multiply, with his full-flavored oysters.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. Raoul Pictet has been appointed Professor of Physics by the Council of State of Geneva, at the University of his native city.

Experiments recently made on the Lake Shore Railroad prove that petroleum can be successfully used as fuel for locomotives with a great saving of money, besides doing away with smoke and cinders.

A Parliamentary Caravan, comprising about twenty members of the French Senate and Chamber of Deputies, has been traveling all over Algeria in order that the legislators might become acquainted with the peculiarities of the land and inhabitants.

The Commissioner of Agriculture has engaged Mr. Brisbane Walker to proceed to Colorado and investigate and report upon the possibilities of artificial irrigation, especially with reference to artesian wells, where mountain streams are not available.

In Paris, France, the animal and vegetable refuse from markets and refuse of all kinds have been calcined, and from what is known as "Paris charcoal." A furnace for that purpose has been designed by an Eastern inventor at Stamford, Conn., for utilizing all these waste products.

A Cheap and Simple piece of machinery has just been invented and is in operation at Westchester, N. C., which spins seed cotton into thread. It is claimed that this invention will add 100 per cent to the profit of the planter, as it saves him the expense of ginning, baling, bagging and ties.

The Smithsonian Institution has received from Professor Peters, of Clinton, the announcement of the discovery, by himself, on November 12th, 1879, of a planet of the eleventh magnitude, in 1h. 9min. 10sec. right ascension and 12deg. 20min. north declination, with a daily motion of 3min. south.

M. Revalet, who spent a long time with the Somalis on the western coast of the Gulf of Aden, has described to the Geographical Society of Paris the land and its inhabitants, who appear to be very anxious to trade with Europeans, and he presented an Arab firman signed by the Sultan inviting foreigners to visit his dominions. M. Revalet is to return to Somali land with Prince Albert of Monaco.

The Following Scientific Missions have been authorized by the French Government for this year: Ernest Charte, of the Lyons Museum, is to carry out anthropological investigations in Kanan, the Caucasus, the Crimea, and Turkey; Emile Rivière, prehistoric researches in the department of Alpes Maritimes; and Paul Sarda to investigate the geology of the soil of Japan, and visit the most important mining districts.

Menlik, King of Shoa, has written a letter to the president of the Geographical Society of Paris in reference to the scientific mission which has been sent to Shoa by the Geographical Society of Rome, and which has the protection of his Government. But the King would like better to have to assist a French mission sent to him by the Geographical Society of Paris; consequently he desires the society to fit out an expedition, promising them to employ all his power on their behalf.

M. Richard Cortambert, one of the librarians of the National Library at Paris, has discovered in that establishment a globe, dated 1540, and showing apparently that the course of the Congo was known then to have almost the same direction as given to it by Mr. Stanley. There has also been discovered in the Public Library at Lyons a globe of 1701, on which was traced, in detail, the geography of the sources of the Nile and Congo. This globe is said to have been executed by some Fathers of the Order of St. Francis. From the fifteenth century most of the maps make the Congo issue from a great mass of water in the interior of the African Continent. No doubt all the information in these old maps was furnished by the Portuguese. The Portuguese traders were quite familiar with the geography of the interior of Africa, and all the maps, even that of Fra Mauro (fifteenth century), represent the Nile issuing from lakes to the south of the equator, and give an idea of the course of the Congo, similar to that made known by Stanley. Ptolemy also indicated three immense lakes in the centre of Africa, from which issued the Nile and the Congo; only in his map these lakes are placed much too far south.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ALEXANDER KINGLAKE, who is still working on his "History of the Crimean War," is seventy-four years of age.

THERE is said to be a "boom" in North Carolina in favor of Grant for President and Alexander H. Stephens for Vice-President.

GENERAL TODLEBEN has just been made a count by the Russian Government, in commemoration of his connection with the defense of Sebastopol.

EX-GOVERNOR E. D. MORGAN has presented the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital of New York, with \$25,000, to free the building site from debt.

THE Rector of the Odessa University, following the example of two professors at the St. Petersburg University, has resigned in consequence of the new regulations.

MISS BRADDON, the well-known novelist, was the only representative of feminine literature on the English Reception Committee at the recent congress of authors in London.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard, does not believe in competitive examinations. He says that it would be foolish to examine a porter in geography when mere strength and activity are required.

THE Duke of Buccleuch, the Premier Duke of Scotland, with 450,000 acres and a rental of \$1,500,000, will soon celebrate his golden wedding. Mr. Gladstone is now contesting a Parliamentary election with him.

MADAME CLARA SERENA is the first woman who has ever been elected to membership in the Imperial Royal Society of Austria. This honor was recently paid to her upon her return from long travel in the Caucasus and Persia.

MRS. MARY JOSEPHINE YOUNG, of Sacramento, was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of California on the 13th ult. She passed the examination with credit, and is the first woman lawyer admitted to the Supreme Court in that State.

THE Duke of Devonshire has presented to the Derby Free Library his almost priceless collection of Derbyshire literature, which has been acquired at great expense and contains the collection of an eminent living Derbyshire antiquarian and historian.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON has never been considered as a man whose religious beliefs could be classed with those of any denomination. The recent statement of Bronson Alcott, that Emerson is in the full sense of the word a Christian Theist, has raised a great row in Concord.

GEO. L. PERKINS, of Norwich, Conn., treasurer of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad, is ninety years of age, and has acted as treasurer of that corporation from its commencement, about forty years. Previous to his appointment to this position he was paymaster in the army. He is probably the oldest railroad official in the United States, both in term of service and years.

ITALY is preparing to extend the suffrage to every citizen above twenty-one years of age who can read and write. Signor Salvatore Morelli, a member of the Italian Parliament, has proposed that women who fulfill the legal qualifications required of electors shall be admitted to the suffrage. Petitions in favor are receiving the signatures of a large number of women.

THE Society of Anthropology of Paris has received, at its last meeting, a letter from Felyx Denys-Rapontayaho a native King in the Gaboon, who, having been educated in the Catholic Mission, is a tolerably good French scholar. His negro Majesty is sending to the Anthropological Society the skeleton of a gorilla, and volunteers to send any scientific documents which may be required.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts has formally presented to the authorities of St. Pancras a monument in the form of a magnificent dial, which she has caused to be erected, at a cost of about \$2,000, in St. Pancras Gardens, in honor of the preservation, as a recreation-ground for the people, of the burial ground which formerly occupied the site, and in memory of the dead who had been buried there.

THE Tribunal of Brunswick has decided that the late Duke of Brunswick, who left his fortune to the town of Geneva, had been legally deprived of the right to dispose of his fortune. The Tribunal has, therefore, concluded that his will is null and void. As Geneva has already spent a large sum on the monument to the late Duke and the Opera House, the town will be in a sad predicament if it has to restore the money.

Kossuth, the famous patriot, has just lost his rights as a Hungarian citizen. The Chamber of Deputies has adopted a Bill declaring that any native of the country who voluntarily resides abroad for an uninterrupted period of ten years shall lose his civil status. The Extreme Left violently opposed this measure, accusing the Government of leveling it directly at Kossuth, but it was finally carried by 141 votes to 52.

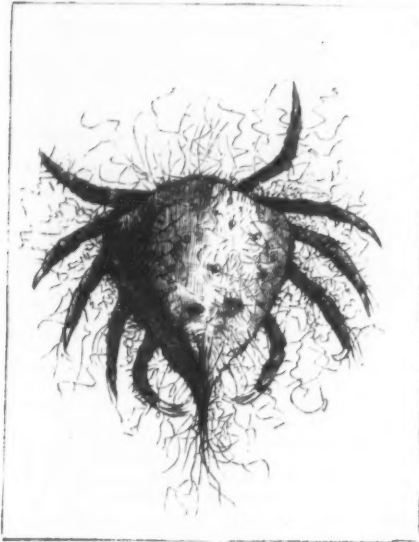
HON. GEORGE Y. GILBERT, of Gilbertsville, N. Y., recently addressed the members of the Farmers' Club, of Butternuts, on a subject of interest to every one—money. He gave a very pleasing history of our colonial and constitutional finances, and declared our present national banking system the finest in the world. His address was replete with facts, statistics and arguments, plainly stated, which gave evidences of a scholarly, well-filled mind.

M. BISCHOFSHIM is leaving for Nice with M. Garnier, the architect of the opera, and M. Lewy, the sub-director of the Paris Observatory, in order to inspect the site on which he intends to erect the new observatory, on which he is to spend a sum of \$300,000, as we mentioned in our notes some months ago. Before determining on the details of his plan, M. Bischofsheim and his scientific and artistic advisers are to visit the most celebrated observatories of Austria, Germany and England, during this winter.

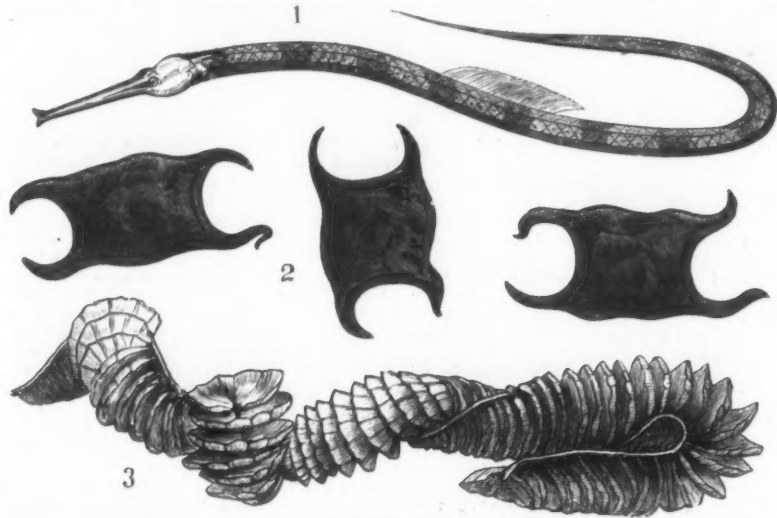
AMONG recent deaths we note those of Peter Golet, a millionaire, of New York City, aged 79; the mother of the ex-Empress Eugénie, Mrs. Charles Dickens, John T. Delane, late editor of the London Times; Jules Noel, the French painter; Dr. F. J. Bumstead, President of the New York County Medical Society, formerly on the staff of surgeons at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, St. Luke's Hospital, and a professor in the College of Physicians and Surgeons; M. Michel Chevalier, the French economist; Rev. Dr. Wm. Ives Buddington, of Brooklyn; Hon. John A. Roeback, Liberal member of Parliament and well-known political writer, and Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, U. S. A.

GENERAL SHERMAN has shown his appreciation of the artists connected with Frank Leslie's establishment by purchasing Forbes's "Army Sketches," exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, all of which were made from original sketches by these artists; and, more agreeably still, by purchasing, more recently, two pictures of Mr. James E. Taylor, who has been connected with our artistic staff for a long period of years. General Sherman, in ordering the latter pictures, which have as their subjects the Custer fight in the Washita in 1868, and the Battle at Vermilion Bayou in 1863, says: "They are unusually good, spirited and well-executed, and I compliment you highly." This commendation is fully deserved.





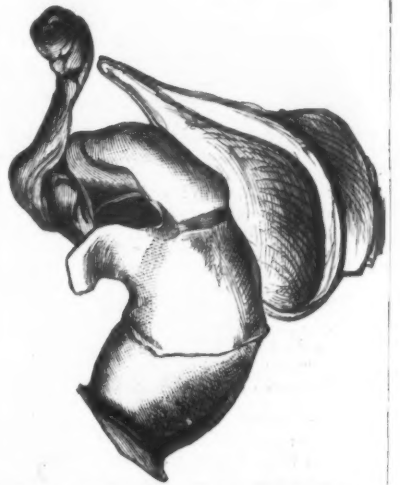
HAIRY CRAB.



1. PIPE-FISH.

2. SKATE'S EGGS.

3. PERIWINKLE'S EGGS.



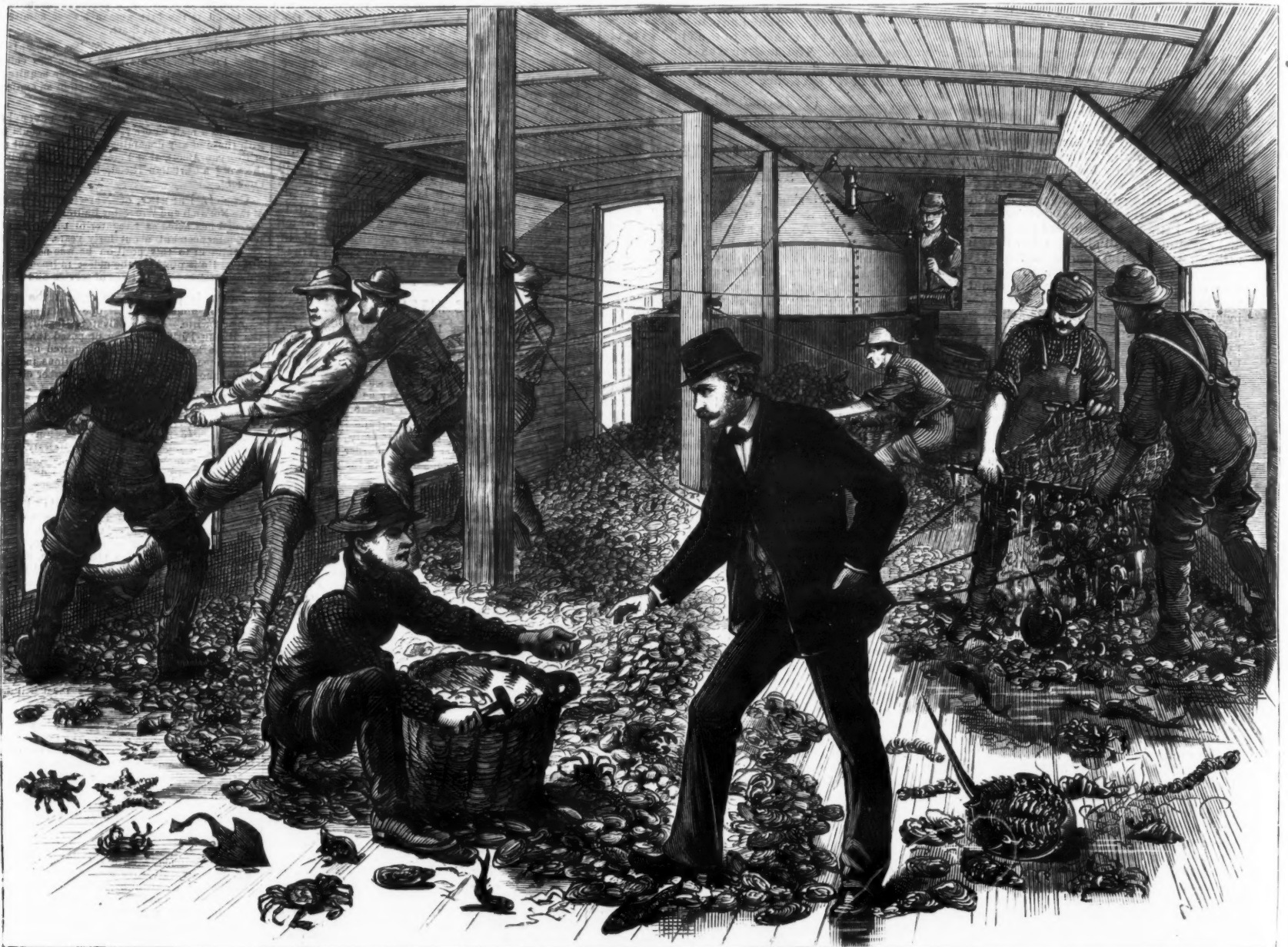
PERIWINKLE OUT OF SHELL.

## A MILLIONAIRE'S MAJORITY.

ON the occasion of the coming of age of Caldwell Colt, only child and heir of the late Colonel Samuel Colt, his mother gave an unusually brilliant entertainment in the famous Colt mansion on Buckingham Street, Hartford, Conn., on Monday, November 24th.

with the delightful odor of roses, mignonette, lilies, violets, camellias, and other choice flowers with which the doorways were arched and the mantles were banked. Graceful festoons of flowers and smilax also twined around the chandeliers, and almost transformed the rooms into bowers. To this was added the charm of the large conservatory opening into the hallway and brilliantly illuminated with crystal

gas fixtures, the light from which was reflected in the sparkling fountain whose spray was scattered over the most luxuriant orchids and other rare plants. Many choice floral designs, sent by friends, adorned the rooms. One, from Mrs. Dr. Tatt, was particularly noticeable, it being a colt of bronze, resting on a high bank of flowers, at the foot of which was the date and the years "1858-1879." Another



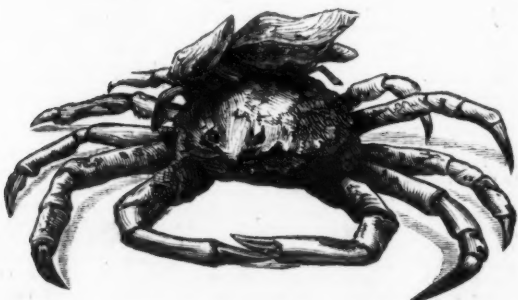
EMPTYING THE DREDGERS ON BOARD THE STEAMER "WILLIAM H. LOCKWOOD."

More than one thousand invitations were sent out, and guests were present from New York, Boston, and other centres. The young man, on his birthday came into possession of great wealth, a moderate estimate placing it at two millions of dollars, to which in the future, if he lives, will be added further portions of the estate—now set apart for the life use of Mrs. Colt.

Upon entering, the visitor was attracted by the coverings of the stairways and newel-posts with flowers and vines, and the scene presented in all the rooms was in keeping with this hall display. The parlors, drawing-room, library and other rooms were fragrant

was a large horseshoe of bronzelline rosebuds. Other designs bore appropriate inscriptions and words of "good luck." One band performed on the lower floor and in the picture gallery, where the dancing took place, and another band discoursed Strauss's waltzes elsewhere.

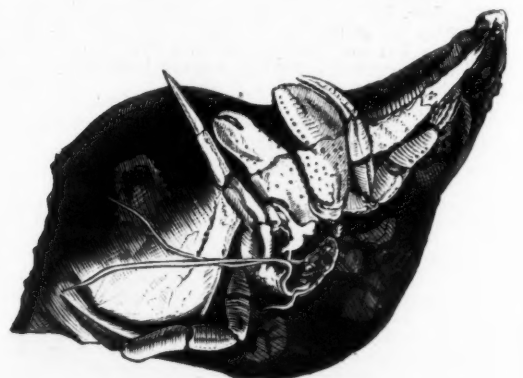
Two supper rooms were open during the evening, and near



CLUSTER OF OYSTERS ON SPIDER CRAB.



PERIWINKLE DEVOURING OYSTER.



CRAB OCCUPYING PERIWINKLE SHELL.

CONNECTICUT.—OUR NATIONAL INDUSTRIES—GATHERING OYSTERS BY STEAM IN NEW HAVEN HARBOR.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 263.





CONNECTICUT.—CALDWELL COLT, SON AND HEIR OF THE LATE COLONEL SAMUEL COLT, WELCOMING THE GUESTS AT THE CELEBRATION OF HIS MAJORITY, AT HARTFORD, NOVEMBER 24TH.  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

midnight a novel concert was given by a party of ladies and gentlemen, attired in fancy costumes, who danced a quadrille to melodies selected from "Mother Goose," using nursery rhymes, the words being sang by the dancers. It was long past midnight when the last of the guests departed.

#### THE FOREIGN BICYCLIST TEAM.

ON the 5th of November there was opened in Boston a four days' contest for the bicycle championship of the world, of which we gave an illustration. It constituted the first appearance in a public long-distance contest in this country of Messrs. Cann and Terront, the visiting foreign experts, and was fairly successful. Several American riders competed, to whom, in order to make the affair more interesting, big allowances were made. The score at the close of work, on the last day, was: Terront, 660 miles in 60 hours; Cann, 628 miles 5 laps in 59 hours; T. Harrison, 400 miles 1 lap in 59 hours; Robinson, 321 miles 5 laps in 59 hours; G. Harrison, 440 miles 1 lap in 60 hours.

The team consists of Harry Etherington, promoter of many tournaments in England; Charles Terront, of France, a lad of twenty years, who, having easily beaten all French riders, crossed the Channel, and in a race for the championship of England, al-

bicyclists, and a series of competitions and exhibitions are in progress of arrangement in many of our large cities.

#### DESTRUCTION OF THE EIGHTH AVENUE STABLES.

THE immense stable of the Eighth Avenue Railroad Company, covering the block bounded by Eighth and Ninth Avenues, and Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday morning, November 25th. In two hours and a half the fire had made a clean sweep from Forty-ninth to Fiftieth Street, leveling everything except a few jagged piles of masonry. The front of the depot was obliterated. The building which was swept away by the flames had a frontage of about 150 feet on Eighth Avenue and 560 feet in West Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets, and was nearly 200 feet wide in the rear. Its erection was begun in 1851, and, as the prosperity of the line increased, additions were made to the small brick building which at first answered all the needs of the road, until a structure, almost a parallelogram in shape and four stories high, including the ground floor, had been reared. Of the company's buildings there only remained the blacksmith's shop, partly ruined, in the southwest corner, and the hospital for maimed and sick horses at the west end of the depot. This was

Broadway and Sixth Avenue Railroad companies. Of the trained horses, not more than 2 per cent. were lost. Of the green horses, not more than 10 per cent. were saved, of which there were 130 on the third floor.

Of the losses the estimates are widely different. Fire Marshal Sheldon places the amount at \$145,000; Monmouth B. Wilson, Superintendent of the Fire Insurance Patrol, at \$150,000; the Eighth Avenue Railroad Company at \$200,000.

The insurance of the company are said to aggregate \$270,000. By the falling of the Fiftieth Street wall five firemen, including the Chief of the Battalion, were more or less severely wounded, two of them having to be taken to the hospital for treatment, where they are slowly recovering.

#### THE "ARIZONA" COLLISION.

IN its collision with the huge iceberg on the night of November 7th, the new Guion steamship *Arizona* struck head-on, while going at its fullest speed. The first blow stove in her bow, and bent, twisted and broke the heavy ironwork for a distance of fifteen feet, forcing the mass of debris inward, and leaving a fearful chasm to catch the waves. Many tons of ice were crushed upon the deck or thrust into this huge aperture. Quivering from end to end at the first blow, the steamship recoiled, and, before the engines could control her, advanced again, and struck a second time, but with comparatively harmless force. Our engraving, from a photograph taken immediately after the arrival of



CONNECTICUT.—THE COLT MANSION ON BUCKINGHAM STREET, HARTFORD.

though handicapped by an inferior machine and several accidents, finished second in a field of eight, with the previously unheard-of record of 1,390 miles in six days of eighteen hours each; and W. Cann, ex-champion of England, who has a similar record of 1,172 miles. David Stanton, another ex-champion, was one of the pioneers in this sport, has won hundreds of races, and gave a series of exhibitions in this country in 1876. John Keen has been for a long time the acknowledged short-distance champion of England, and has in recent trials proved himself about as fast as the most skillful amateurs. Very liberal challenges have been extended to American

saved by the intervention of a yard. All the snow-plows, 1,450 sets of harness, 130 horses and 30 cars were burned up, besides an immense quantity of grain, fodder and horse trappings.

Great difficulty was experienced in the endeavors to save the panic-stricken horses. They were released from their stalls as soon as the fire was discovered, and driven out of the stable. Some of them dashed about the streets among the firemen and spectators, but were afterwards found herded in groups not far from the depot. The employees of the company found droves of them from time to time, and picked them in the stables of the Ninth Avenue,



HARRY ETHERINGTON, W. CANN, AND C. TERRONT, THE PROFESSIONAL BICYCLE TEAM NOW VISITING THE UNITED STATES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN, BOSTON.



the Arizona at St. John's, Newfoundland, gives a clear idea of the effect of the collision, while the presence of the men seen on the decks through the opening serves to indicate the great proportions of the vessel.

### The British Emigration Movement.

The emigration movement in Great Britain is assuming unexpectedly large proportions. Statistics show that during the month of August vessels sailed from the Mersey with 13,538 passengers, of whom 8,476 were British, bound for the United States, British North America, Australia and the East and West Indies. When to these numbers are added the numbers sailing from London, Glasgow and other ports, some idea may be gained of the dimensions of the movement. The idea of curing the present distress by emigration was started in the North of England, where, at place after place, associations are being formed to encourage emigration to the States and elsewhere. The movement is also rapidly extending south and taking in all branches of trade. Under the rules of the associations any workman may join on condition of the payment of three, six, nine or twelve cents a fortnight, each one to have a chance in the ballot in proportion to his contribution. Each member entitled by ballot to contribution money will receive a grant of \$30, if going to America, or \$50 if going to New Zealand or Australia. The money, however, is to be paid by the society to the shipping agents, so as to prevent, of course, misappropriation. The results of this scheme cannot now, of course, be foreseen, but it is certain that it will have an important bearing upon the industrial and agricultural future of Great Britain.

### FUN.

JOB has been marked down in history as the patient man. The fact is that at one time he was just boiling over.

WE know of a man, a victim to tobacco, who hasn't tasted food for forty-seven years. The tobacco killed him in 1832.

INDIANAPOLIS has a crematory and a crematory. One churns and the other burns. Both are a livelihood. There is only one difference in ashes and ashes between the two industries.

WHILE wine was being passed around during the administration of the Sacramento at the Minneapolis (Minn.) church the other Sunday, the congregation was electrified by the sudden exclamation of a little boy: "Ma, I'll take beer." A ripple of suppressed laughter disturbed the solemnity of the occasion.

WAGGS went to the station of one of our railroads the other evening, and, finding the seats all occupied, said, in a loud tone: "Why, this car isn't going!" Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Waggs took the best seat. The train soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation the wag was questioned. "You said this car wasn't going?" "Well, it wasn't then," replied Waggs, "but it is now."

A STORY is told of a teacher who was talking to her scholars regarding the order of higher beings. It was a very profitable subject and one in which they took an uncommon interest. She told them the angels came first in perfection, and when she asked who came next and was readily answered by one boy, "Man," she felt encouraged to ask "what came next to man?" And here a little shaver, who was evidently smarting under defeat in the preceding question, immediately distanced all competitors by promptly shouting out, "His undershirt, ma'am!"

THE other evening just before sundown a gentleman, who was sitting by his window on Twelfth street, casually remarked: "There goes the woman that George Brown's dead gone on." His wife, who was in the back room getting supper ready, dropped a plate on the floor, stumbled over the baby and ran like a quarter-horse to the window with: "Where? where? Tell me quick." "The one with the long cloak—just at the corner." "Then the woman at the window said, in deep disgust: "Why, that's Brown's wife." "Yes, exactly," replied the brutal husband, quietly. Then the disappointed woman went back and got supper ready, but her usually sweet disposition was soured for the entire evening.

ONCE there was a run on a bank in South Wales. Small farmers jostled each other in crowds to draw out their money. Things were at low-water, when the manager, in desperation, bethought him of a resource. By his directions a clerk, having heated some sovereigns in a frying-pan, paid them over the counter to an anxious applicant. "Why, they're quite hot!" said the latter, as he took them up. "Of course," was the reply, "they're only just out of the mold; we're coining them by hundreds as fast as we can." "Coining them?" thought the simple agriculturist. "Then there's no fear of their running short!" Their confidence revived, the panic abated, and the bank weathered the storm.

### WHAT AN INTELLIGENT PHYSICIAN SAYS.

DR. R. C. STROTHER, of Monroe, La., who has been a medical practitioner for over twenty-five years, in a letter to the undersigned, says: "I have heard of your 'Compound Oxygen Treatment' for some length of time, in a casual, incidental way, but it is only within the last few months that I have had my attention particularly called to it in a way that has aroused my professional interest. I have watched its wonderful vitalizing power in two or three instances in which the patients were using the 'Home Treatment.' One of these patients was a sister, and her rapid improvement from a low condition of Nervous Debility and Muscular Prostration, resulting from severe acute disease, was almost miraculous. Your little work, 'THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT, ITS MODE OF ACTION AND RESULTS,' has fallen into my hands, and the therapeutical and pathological views therein inculcated belong to a great extent in accord with what theory and experience have been impressing on me. I have read it with unusual care and interest. Indeed, I have read and reread it with a great deal of pleasure. I am sure you have found a curative agent of incalculable remedial and vitalizing power, and adapted to a wide range of diseases." The above-named treatise is sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A DEAF mute used the new AUDIOPHONE—"Can you pay me that five dollars?"—these were the first words he heard. "I prefer to remain in my original condition," he said, sternly, and threw the audiophone out of the window.—*Buffalo Express.*

FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC, and Catarrhal Complaints, and Coughs and Colds, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" manifest remarkable curative properties. Imitations are offered for sale, many of which are injurious. The genuine "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are sold only in boxes.

MANY reasons, not enumerated in official proclamations, exist for the national Thanksgiving festival. It will not, however, be many years before the product of our American vineyards will be deemed worthy of as honorable mention as any of the gifts of Nature for which we are officially exhorted to be thankful. Our leading dealers in American wines, like Messrs. A. WERNER & CO., 308 Broadway, who monopolize the well-known "America" Extra Dry Champagne, find a steadily improving demand for our domestic goods, and by careful study of the popular taste, they are able to select and supply wines of American growth unexcelled by any in the world.

### THE RECEIPT

For Gilt-Edge Butter Maker was obtained from one of the most extensive dairy farmers of Ireland, noted for the excellent and superior keeping qualities of his butter, which was eagerly purchased by London dealers for export to India, where the warm climate puts butter to a very severe test. It has been thoroughly tried by a large number of the very best butter-makers in this country, and they have given it their emphatic approval. Price 25 cents per package. Sold by all storekeepers.

Gentlemen:—We churned one gallon of cream to-day at a temperature of 56 degrees, using your Gilt-Edge Butter Maker. Time of churning, 15 minutes—result, 4½ pounds of butter. Color good. As we have not previously weighed our butter, of course we cannot tell whether there is a better per cent. or not, but appearances indicate it, and the quality is at least two cents per pound better. Yours, etc.,

M. E. WILBUR, Prop'r of Collins Creamery.

### CUTICURA SOAP

Is an elegant toilet and medicinal assistant to Cuticura in the treatment of all external ailments. For chapped hands, rough skin and tan, sunburn and the lesser skin troubles, it is indispensable; as a soap for the toilet, the nursery and bath, it is the most elegant, refreshing and healing before the public.

STUDY HOP BITTERS Book, use the medicine, and you will be wise, healthy and happy.

THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL has peculiar claims on the public attention, for it has become one of the historic institutions of the city, and is managed with a liberality and knowledge which make its customers the delight of the *bon vivant*, its apartments admirably furnished and fitted, and all its conveniences competent to meet the most exacting tastes. Its standard of excellence is higher than ever.

YOUR physician will recommend you to use COCA BITTERS made from the Peruvian Coca leaf.

HALFORD SAUCE unrivaled by any relish intended for family use. Recommended by the best families.

CAUTION.—The National Dispensary says of Tonka Beans: "They are usually covered with a crystalline efflorescence of coumarin. Given to dogs in the dose of from seven to ten grains, this substance produced great and even fatal depression; and in man in the dose of from thirty to sixty grains it occasioned nausea, giddiness, depression, vomiting and drowsiness." Many of the spurious compounds purporting to be pure Extract of Vanilla are prepared principally from Tonka Beans.

Housekeepers who study their interest will demand of their grocer strictly pure vanilla only, and refuse to accept of an adulterated compound, which may render the dealer a better profit.

Burnett's Extract of Vanilla is prepared from selected vanilla beans, and is warranted entirely free from Tonka or other deleterious substances.

LOSS BY FIRE is loss of money; secure indemnity in case of accident by insuring in THE TRAVELERS.

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SAVE YOUR FUEL.—From one-fifth to one-third of the usual amount of coal bills can be saved by the use of fireproof, non-conducting Asbestos Coverings on hot air and steam pipes, boilers, heater pipes in dwellings, etc. The genuine is manufactured only by the H. W. Johns Manufacturing Company, 87 Maiden Lane, New York, sole manufacturers of Asbestos Pains, Roofing, etc.

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### THE PHONOGRAPHIC CORNET

THE latest musical wonder. A musical instrument that plays all tunes without any knowledge of music by the operator and in a wonderfully sweet and melodious manner. It is the cheapest good musical instrument in the world.

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### VITALIZED PHOSPHATES,

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## CHARMING CRAYON PORTRAITS.

Send Photo, and \$3 to A & I BOUL, Artists (from Royal Academy), National Medalist, 86 Warwick Street, S. W. London, England, who will return Photo with faithful crayon drawing from it, size 15x10 inches, post-free to any part. Tinted Crayon, \$6. Over 200 testimonials. Established 1864.

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F. J. KALDENBERG.

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CORNS and BUNIONS. A positive cure. Mail 50 cents to H. M. RICH, 9 NORTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD. Postage stamps taken. Name paper.

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By ELLEN W. OLNEY, Author of "Love in Idleness" etc. 8vo. Cloth. \$1.25. Paper cover. 75 cents.

"It is a strong, fervent, well-sustained story; its morality is as high as its sentiment is deep."—*Chicago Times.*

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J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia.

### A Fortune Quickly Made.

Money has been made more rapidly within the last few months in Wall Street than at any period since 1873. Immense profits have been realized from small investments. The following affidavit explains itself:

Personally appeared before me, George A. Payne, of 134 West 49th Street, New York City, to me known, and on being duly sworn, says that on an investment of \$25 placed with Thatcher, Belmont & Co., Bankers, and by them operated for a period of two weeks, I had returned to me by the said firm \$972.53.

(Signed) GEO. A. PAYNE.

State of New York, } ss.  
City and County of New York, } ss.

Sworn before me this 22d September, 1879.

J. B. NIXON, Notary Public, 91 Duane Street, New York.

Thatcher, Belmont & Co. accept subscribers on their 1 per cent. margin or in their concentration of capital, whereby a number of small sums, from \$10 upwards, are aggregated and stocks operated. Latest Wall Street information sent free upon application by Messrs. Thatcher, Belmont & Co., Bankers, P. O. Box 1307, or 48 Broad St., New York.

50 Latest Style all Chromo Cards, name on, 13c. Game Authors, 15c. E. L. Gale, Clintonville, Ct.

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H. M. S. PINAFORE. Produced under the personal supervision of THE AUTHORS, ME-SRS. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, BY D'OYLEY CARTE'S OPERA COMPANY. Seats now on sale at the Theatre and Theatre Ticket Office, 111 Broadway.

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STANDARD THEATRE—B'WAY and 33d ST. WM. HENDERSON, Proprietor and Manager.

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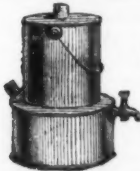
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